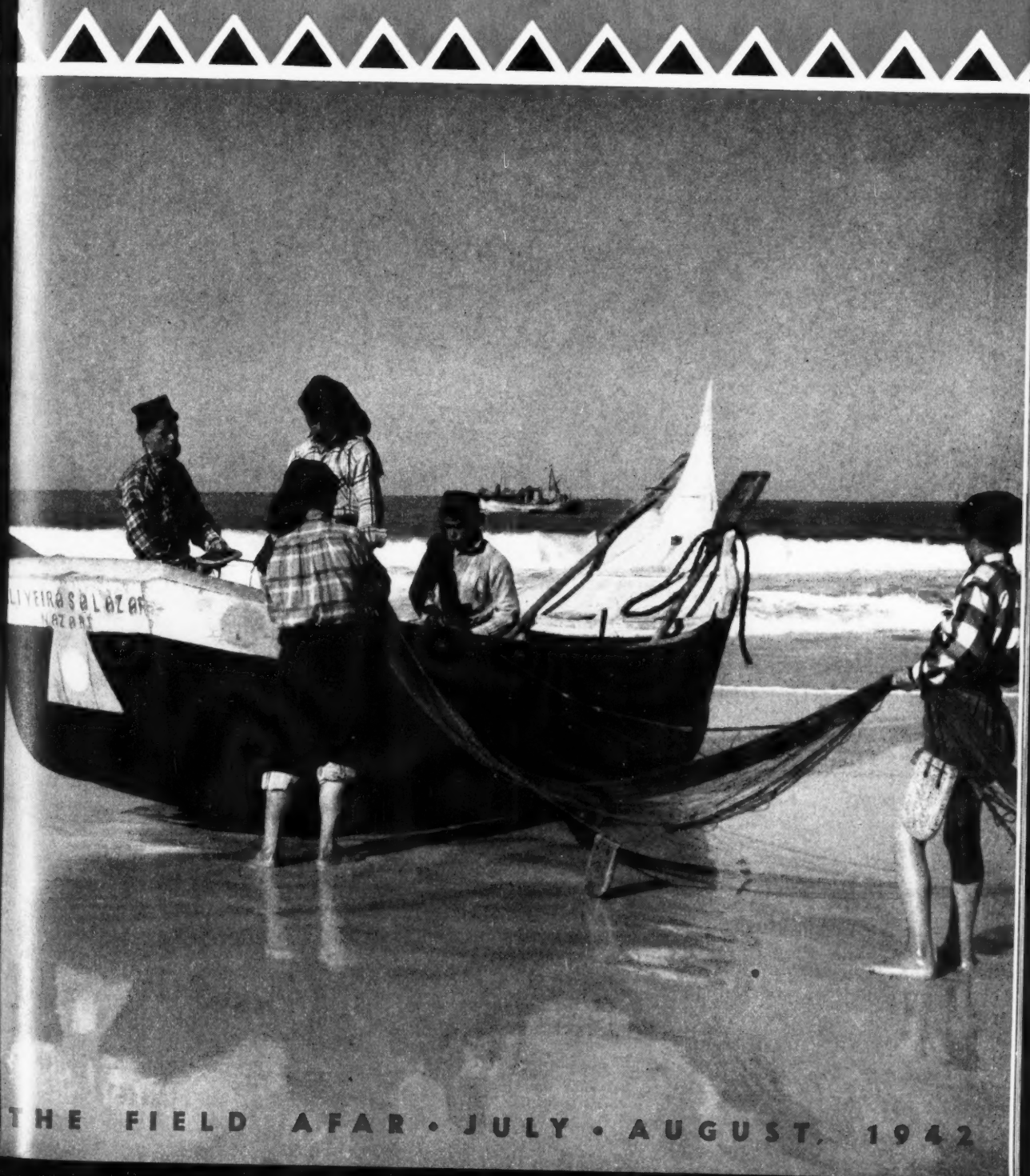


# Maryknoll



THE FIELD AFAR • JULY • AUGUST, 1942



Little wild flowers of Bolivia are looking to the United States for missionaries. "Send us more priests!" pleaded the clergy and people of South America to Maryknoll's Superior General. Will you go? A thousand more priests are needed. Read the article on page 28



Bishop Ford drank buffalo milk.

Monsignor Romaniello moved to boat.

Father Sweeney feeds his lepers.

Father Tennien—go-between.

#### FOR HIM NO EXILE

One faithful Maryknoller of Korea is freed from the sorrow and tedium of exile from his people. Father Leo J. Peloquin died on June 10, at the International Hospital, Kobe, Japan, apparently on the eve of his repatriation.

Father Peloquin, born March 14, 1892, in Spencer, Mass., entered Korea in 1925. He successfully opened several mission stations and poured the waters of baptism upon thousands. Our prayerful sympathy to his sister and two brothers. *Requiescat.*

#### WARTIME DAYS IN SOUTH CHINA

Bishop Ford tells us how the individual Maryknoller is faring in wartime South China. "The cutting of imports of canned goods has not worked a hardship," he writes. "Fortunately, most of us had a good supply of coffee, so we can still have one cup at breakfast, and local buffalo milk is proving palatable; potatoes, butter, and variety in vegetables have been missed most of all for the past six months, but we can get pork and flour of local origin.

"We began rationing Mass wine a year ago. Clothing must be stretched over a long period before replacement, for it is impossible to buy wool or other imported cloths."

Bishop Ford's many friends will be concerned to learn that he is now suffering from sprue, a serious tropical disease.

#### CHINA CRIES FOR RICE

Men are now selling their clothes for rice, report our own South China Maryknollers. "This morning," writes Father Mueth, who hails from St. Louis, "rice is \$520 local currency per picul (\$21 U. S. currency for 133 pounds). Before the July

## WAR ZONE NEWS

harvest it will be \$1,000 a picul (30 cents U. S. currency per pound). What can we do for these poor, desperate millions, who already are selling their clothes to buy rice?"

Maryknoll missions in South China struggle feverishly to ease the sufferings of their Christian flocks and of Christ's surging humanity bent under the burden of five years of war. Never before have our Knollers had such opportunities to portray the ministering charity of Christ.

#### WARTIME FIELD

In addition to heavy "home town" tasks, a group of South China Maryknollers are caring for thousands of Catholics in three prefectures of Hunan, a great province in Central China, where missionaries have been forced to vacate by the war because they are Italians.

#### TEMPORARY EXIT FROM JAPAN

Most of the Maryknoll priests, Brothers, and Sisters in the Japanese Empire are being repatriated; the State Department informs us that 76 out of the 119 Maryknollers in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria are aboard a Japanese vessel bound for Portuguese East Africa, whence they will transship for New York. The Maryknoll contingent in the Japanese Empire is one-fourth of the 450 Maryknollers in the Pacific war zones.

The returning Maryknoll priests include all laboring in Japan proper save one, Father Byrne; and all in Maryknoll-in-Korea save Father Patrick Duffy, who possesses an Irish passport. But only 12 of the Manchu Maryknollers are on their way. Bishop Lane, 15 priests, and Brother Benedict remain in Mukden.

Japanese authorities have required fewer Maryknoll Sisters to leave the country. Only 10 from Korea and 9 from Manchuria, 19 in all, are on the repatriation ship while 24 remain in their lands of labor. The entire group of Sisters in Japan remains intact.

All of these Maryknollers expect to return immediately after the war to the beloved flocks which they are leaving behind. Meantime a substantial number of them are assigned to the Maryknoll missions of Latin America.

#### HONG KONG

A few of our readers expressed surprise when we recorded that some of our Hong Kong Sisters had been released. We have only passed along what we have learned from official sources or from our own missionaries. It may well be that certain of our Hong Kong Knollers suffered during the early days of Japanese occupation, but no such information has reached us directly to date. Six Hong Kong Maryknollers are now reported as aboard Japan's repatriation ship; from them we shall learn the story of our little company during and immediately following the days of siege.

#### SILENCE IN THE PHILIPPINES

We are completely without recent news of the Maryknoll Sisters and priests in the Philippines. Somewhere about Manila are the staff of the Sisters' hospital, their normal school, and other works—53 Sisters. Somewhere in the hills beyond Cebu is the small group of Maryknoll priests. We feel confident that they are employing every opportunity to accomplish good.

P. S. State Department dispatches, the Chungking radio, and airmail letters through India, afford us the above items from our Maryknollers in the field.

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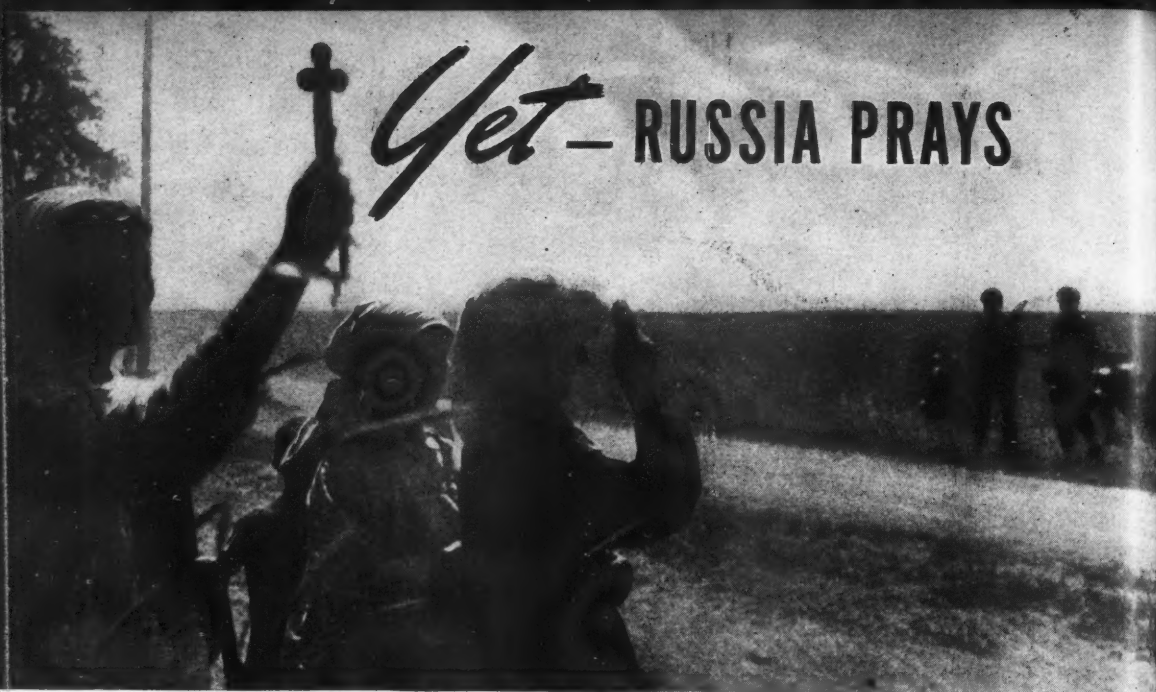
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The women of Russia pray for their men and bless them as they leave for active service.

**S**HE WAS a Russian lady, a scientist, cultured, Catholic. She answered, "Oh, of course, they pray!"

I had asked if the people of Russia still prayed. She was surprised to believe I could imagine they did not. She was an exile, an enemy of the proletariat, but she spoke for the Russia of her heart.

I wonder if she represents Russia more truly than do the Communists who seized it in 1917. I wonder if the Russia that has risen to defend its homes has not also risen to restore its silenced Faith. I wonder if the brooding intuition of Russian thought has perceived the similarity between the foreign enemy of its fatherland, and the domestic enemy of its soul.

The Communists have identified themselves with Russia; they have claimed all Russians whom they did not destroy or exile. They spoke for Russia and educated its contemporary youth. They propagated the insane materialism of economics as if it were a new gospel; they were the fanatical salesmen of an industrial Santa Claus. But have they converted Russia? Have the Russians identified themselves with atheistic Communists?

It must have been easy to convince the generous Russians that capitalism was the evil which had kept them poor. The ordinary peasant had not the faintest idea what capitalism meant; but he knew something was wrong, and he felt better when his affliction was given a name. When he was told that the cure was communism, he hurried to communism as to some sacred shrine.

In Moscow, I have seen thousands of pilgrims hustling about the public places with searching looks, expecting

**The lifted cross, not the clenched fist,  
bespeaks the call of the Russian heart,  
says Rev. Paul Etchingham, a thoughtful  
observer who knows Russia from within.**

to witness some evidence of Communist power—as a Catholic might look about hopefully at Lourdes for a new miracle. In the Soviet capital, I watched youngsters, boys and girls, gaze with the rapt credulity of unspoiled childhood at

charts and geometrical figures which were displayed in the so-called museums as the documentary proof of communism. The bewilderment of the children was pathetic: they thought it was they themselves who must be stupid.

But those sweet Russian children accepted the charts as the mysterious symbols of an economic charity. So did their parents in the back country. Russians never have any difficulty in understanding the practical charity of sharing what little wealth they have: they are as spontaneously generous as the Irish. They must have said to themselves that, if these new rulers at Moscow were going to supplant the law of privilege with the law of charity, then all good Russians should support them. The murder of the czar at Ekaterinburg troubled their sleep, but the new rulers loudly proclaimed their own goodness and the Russians thought, not without misgivings, that the rulers must be right. It was not for nothing that the Russians had called their czar "Little Father"; God Himself was the "Great Father." Goodness has always captivated the simple of heart, and communism was preached (with charts) as a gospel of redeeming goodness.

I have seen the people in Siberian and Russian cities standing weary hours outside food shops for rationed bread; working to exhaustion in factories; living like rabbits in a warren; struggling without protection



against the cold. These were but passing offerings patriotically made, "all for one, and one for all," in the march toward the proletarian salvation.

Communism was Messianic: it preached a redeemer (1). There lies the key to its power. The scientific mumbo jumbo of Communist economics was just magician talk. Nobody knew what it really meant, because it did not mean anything real. But everybody knew what was meant by salvation from serfdom, from fear, from want. Communism made promises to match the lifelong hopes of Russia for relief; and when hopes are genuine, men are slow to realize that promises may be false.

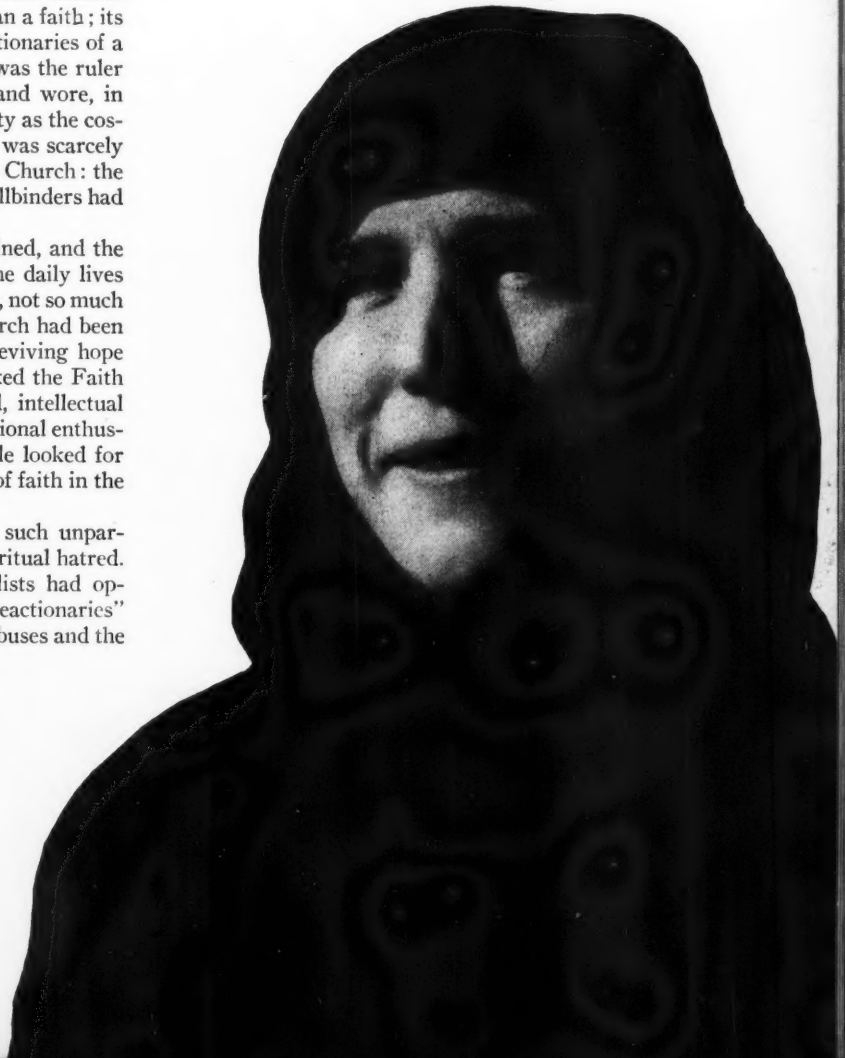
The Russian peasant was uneducated, and somewhat stupefied with pauperism. The doctrinal outlines of his religion had been dulled by centuries of foggy thought. The Christ of his faith had become gaudy with superstitious trappings; his worship had become a ritual rather than a prayer. In the great cathedral at Moscow, the sacrifice of the Mass was hidden within shadowed sanctuaries which we could not enter, or even look into. During the Mass, the priest would appear before the screen and intone, with solemn melancholy, "Lord have mercy on us," and then solemnly disappear as within some sacred tomb of darkness. It impressed me, then, as if, in this religion, Christ had not yet risen from the dead. Russian orthodoxy had become a devotion rather than a faith; its high priests were majestic and remote functionaries of a state religion, the head and chief of which was the ruler of the nation. Its priests were ill-trained and wore, in substitute for knowledge, a demeanor of piety as the costume of their profession. After Rasputin, it was scarcely necessary for the Communists to attack the Church: the ecclesiastical politicians and the neurotic spellbinders had destroyed it from within.

But the Russian sentiment of faith remained, and the moral customs of that faith remained, in the daily lives of the people. The Communists had to attack, not so much the Church, as the Faith of which that Church had been an expression and an instrument. While reviving hope with false promises, the Communists attacked the Faith with an agile and cunning zeal and a cold, intellectual brutality that shocked the world. Their emotional enthusiasm became so violent that ordinary people looked for some other cause than a destructive hatred of faith in the supernatural life.

Ordinary people could not believe that such unparalleled violence (2) could proceed from a spiritual hatred. They preferred to believe that the capitalists had oppressed the people of Russia, and that the "reactionaries" were opposing the correction of industrial abuses and the just distribution of wealth. These people forgot that Russia had never been industrialized; they forgot that economically the Russians did not know what the Communists were talking about; they forgot that Karl Marx wrote in German from the commercial slums of London; they forgot that the Prussian war lords

had spirited Lenin from Switzerland to Russia in 1917; they forgot that the leaders of communism were not Russians. It was abhorrent to believe the truth, so they comfortably forgot the facts. This was particularly true of some of our young American enthusiasts and classroom economists. They let themselves believe that communism arose out of a conflict of economic forces. They accepted the idea of a class struggle, and thought, sentimentally, that they were doing the poor a service. They took the promises of communism and ignored the malice.

Yet malice, not charity, was the driving force of atheistic communism. The Vicars of Christ knew it—from Pius IX in 1846, (3) to Pius XI in 1937. (4) But since the twelfth century the Russians had not listened to the Popes, and in the hour of their inhuman trial the voice of their Pastor and Father in Christ could not reach them. Yet the Pope was the one, particularly Pius XI, who loved the Russian people with a great and magnificent affection. While long-haired (later, close-cropped) fellow travelers postured on soap boxes and organized "cells" for workers who could pay dues, the Holy Father gathered offerings from the Catholic poor and sent relief





Above: This daughter of Mother Russia has a right to know that the Blessed Virgin is also her Mother. Below: Polish peasants, in trucks, flee the invader.

#### YET—RUSSIA PRAYS (Continued)

to the starving, stricken people of Russia. He established schools for the Russians, seminaries for their priests; he sought homes for their exiles. In the whole world, he was the most consistent opponent of communistic atheism. Yet, in his fighting affection for the Russians, he entrusted them to Saint Thérèse of Lisieux. Communism was evil, but the Russian people were not wicked. They suffered "beneath the yoke imposed on them by men who are strangers to the real interests of Russia."<sup>(5)</sup> But the Russians had been captivated by their own hope, and they went on suffering until they discovered the enemy of their souls in the guise of a stranger.

Nazism is communism stripped of its Messianic promises. When the Russians resisted it, with heroic intensity, they were recognizing, at last, the great enemy of Russia—the communist-nazi idea which seeks the destruction of spiritual civilization.

The atheistic Communists played their last great card when they became the allies of the Nazis in 1939. That was natural: both were apostates and atheists. The present war will destroy both, whichever army may win; the Russia of tomorrow cannot be a Russia ruled by atheists. Already, thousands are returning to pray in the disused churches and cathedrals. The constitutional clause of freedom of religion has been forced into some realistic meaning. In Kuibyshev, last Christmas night, the candles burned—and they were not lighted by atheists.

For most of the mature Russians, atheism remains in the silly diagrams of mathematical economics. But the youth of Russia have been brought up to despise the Cross. Tomorrow the atheistic Communists will unquestionably strive to interpret the hoped-for victory as a vindication of atheism rather than the victory of the valiant Russians, people and leaders. At all costs, even of life, we must protect the Russians from this falsehood.

There has already been made a remarkable move in this direction. The Soviet Government has given a pledge to uphold the principles of the Christian social order. The pledge is duly signed. It is a pledge that inherently repudiates totalitarian communism.<sup>(6)</sup> Strangely, it has not received the notice that one would have anticipated. If that pledge is to be kept, it will be only a Christian Russia that will keep it. If that pledge is not kept, communism will become a new menace to civilization. We cannot overcome a menace by merely calling it names. We cannot ignore crime because it is sinful. If an idea corrupts humanity, it corrupts us because humanity is one.<sup>(7)</sup> Atheism is a leprosy of the mind. We can prevent its spread and hasten its cure only by apostolic work and sacrifice. We cannot save a soul by running away and crying, "Unclean!"<sup>(8)</sup> "For the salvation of Russia, there is wanting not only prayer but the shedding of Catholic blood."<sup>(9)</sup>

The Holy Father himself has taken the leadership. We must loathe communism, but love the Russians and seek their salvation, as well as our own, through a social order founded on the true promises of humanity's divine Redeemer. How can they believe if they do not know; how can they know unless they are taught; how can they be taught unless some are sent to teach them?<sup>(10)</sup> Shall our zeal for the good Russian people be less real and practical than that of the atheists? The United States is sending Russia material supplies for war: let us send Russia spiritual supplies for salvation. It is not a question of what the atheistic Communists will permit: it is a question of what God commands. "We must obey God rather than men."<sup>(11)</sup>

"Oh, of course Russia prays," she answered—and the eyes of that Russian lady held a vision of hope. But I wondered *when* the prayer of the devout heart of Russia would be answered. I wondered *how* it would be answered—and *by whom*.

(1) Pius XI. (2) Pius XI. (3) Encyclical "Qui Pluribus." (4) Encyclical "Divini Redemptoris." (5) Pius XI. (6) Soviet-U. S. Alliance, New York Times, June 13, 1942. (7) Acts 17:26. (8) Lev. 13:45. (9) Pius XI. (10) Cf. Rom. 10:14. (11) Acts 5:29.

# SERVANT OF HUMANITY

**Above the selfish ones of the earth, rises  
one who thinks in terms of all mankind.**

THE GREAT Napoleon, the Little Corporal of Corsica, was annoyed. He had practically kidnaped Pope Pius VII, out of Rome to Paris. Napoleon wanted to be crowned Emperor of a restored Roman Empire of Europe. He thought the people would be impressed if he were crowned by the Father of Christendom. The people were impressed, deeply impressed—by the Holy Father.

Napoleon learned, at Notre Dame, on his coronation day, that he could not use the Pope as a theater piece. "Why," he complained, "the people would walk a league to see me, but they would walk twenty leagues to be blessed by the Holy Father!" If Napoleon had been a

better Catholic, he might have been a more knowledgeable politician.

Between the Pope and the people, through the centuries, there has been a warm, charmingly personal, yet devout, relationship. To the people, the Pope is not a ruler: he is a father, a sympathetic, kind protector of their rights; an enemy to their enemies. "Our heart is torn with sorrow for you," the Pontiffs have told the people. The frozen intellectuals of the world have never understood. But this speech of fatherly affection is genuine to the understanding of honest men and women. Non-Catholics as well as Catholics refer to the Pope with love, or admiration, as "the Holy Father."

This Father is a servant—a "servant of the servants of God"—a servant of humanity. He calls himself such. The title is humble; it is also correct. "May God grant that the voice of the Father of Christendom, the servant of the servants of Christ, be heard by all minds and all hearts . . ." (Pius XII).

As servants, the Popes have considered themselves dutifully bound to the interests and concerns of all the people of the world. Truly great Popes have filled most fitly their role as Vicar of Almighty God for the guidance of the human race. Pope Leo I withstanding Attila and Genseric, the Huns; Pope Gregory I saving Rome from the enemies of his day; Pope Leo XIII struggling for the rights of the working people—these accomplishments will live in history even when the names of the Popes are forgotten. The enlightenment and force of their Christian genius has contributed to the design of human civilization. They were, in the fullest sense, the Vicars on earth of the Ruler of the Universe.

The Popes of our own day have the same consciousness of a responsibility for all mankind. In his first encyclical Benedict XV spoke of himself as the Shepherd of the human race. "We consider those words of Our Lord addressed to Peter, 'Feed my lambs, feed my sheep,' as addressed to Ourselves. With affectionate love We cast our eyes over the flock committed to Our care—a numberless flock, comprising, in different ways, the whole human race . . . Our first sentiment is the inexpressible yearning of a loving desire for the salvation of all mankind." Pope Pius XI (in his first encyclical) dwelt upon the theme: "From this center of the fold of Christ, Our gaze turns to the many who, either not knowing Christ or not fully holding His teaching, or the unity established by Him, are still outside the fold, though destined for it by Divine Providence. The Vicar of the Good Shepherd cannot but repeat the words which, in their simple brevity, are so expressive of tender pity, 'Them also (the other sheep) must I bring.' I must rejoice, too, in the happy prophecy of Christ Himself, 'And they shall hear my voice, and (Continued on page 29)



Servant of the servants  
of God—Pope Pius XII.





By REV. CHARLES F. MCCARTHY

**MARYKNOLL IN BOLIVIA** has a real, old-fashioned, Indian mission, 10° below the equator, in the South American jungle. Rich in rubber, tin, and raw materials of modern civilization, it is richer still in Catholic tradition.

Contrast characterizes the South American jungle—at once cruel and kind. The jungle nourishes the mosquito which spreads malaria, but it grows the quinine which gives relief to the sufferer. Its curare was used by the Indians to poison their arrows, and by the medical profession to dull pain and, recently, to relieve insanity. Rubber trees thrive in the jungle climate, yet tropical growth makes highways for rubber tires difficult to construct.

Again, the jungle is the home of the chinchilla and the ostrich, as well as the boa constrictor, but it is so hot and so humid that its inhabitants cannot bear to dress themselves in furs or feathers. Its rivers supply channels for traffic in place of roads, but these rivers are alive with schools of man-eating fish. Its valleys are luxuriant with sweet tall grass for cattle; at times plagues of caterpillars, ants, or grasshoppers destroy the crops; at other times vampires suck cattle to death while they feed in the pastures. Once a year fifty expert marksmen of the Bolivian army are sent out to exterminate the fierce crocodiles that infest the numerous shallow lakes, rivers, and streams.

The crocodile has few vulnerable spots; the best is the eye, and that is the bull's eye each soldier tries to hit with a death shot. Despite all, Bolivia has a healthful climate and its inhabitants are noted for longevity: more than twelve hundred Bolivians are centenarians.

The jungle Indians, childlike and timid in their natural state, are cruel and merciless when oppressed. They are prudent and reasonable when they are educated; they are pious and faithful after instruction in the Faith.

A few years ago, a missionary from Brazil was forced by circumstances to enter a village of the Chiquito Indians in Bolivia. He had lost his luggage, including his Mass kit, on the journey through the jungle. The Indians were overjoyed at seeing a priest and asked the time of Mass. The missionary explained his mishap and the reason why he could not say Mass for them. The disappointed Indians promised to say Mass themselves the next day.

In the morning a tambourine beater ran through the village, and the people gathered immediately behind a processional cross and torches. The missionary followed the procession into the chapel. The candles on the altar were lighted, the Gospel lay open on the pulpit, but no Indian entered the sanctuary, and no one ascended the pulpit steps. The Indian chiefs led the common prayers,

# SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE

**Contrasts characterize the South American jungle—contrasts that touch the heights and the depths — amusing, terrifying, consoling!**

then intoned the *Kyrie*, the *Gloria*, the *Credo*, and the other ordinary prayers of the Mass. It was the service they had repeated from memory for generations.

Today, there are still 145 churches in Bolivia without resident priests. An aged Indian couple living in a village hidden away in the forests of Matto Grosso, on seeing a priest for the first time in their lives, fell at his feet and begged for baptism. Their parents had instructed them in the Catholic religion. Though unbaptized, they had been faithful to the Faith for more than sixty years.

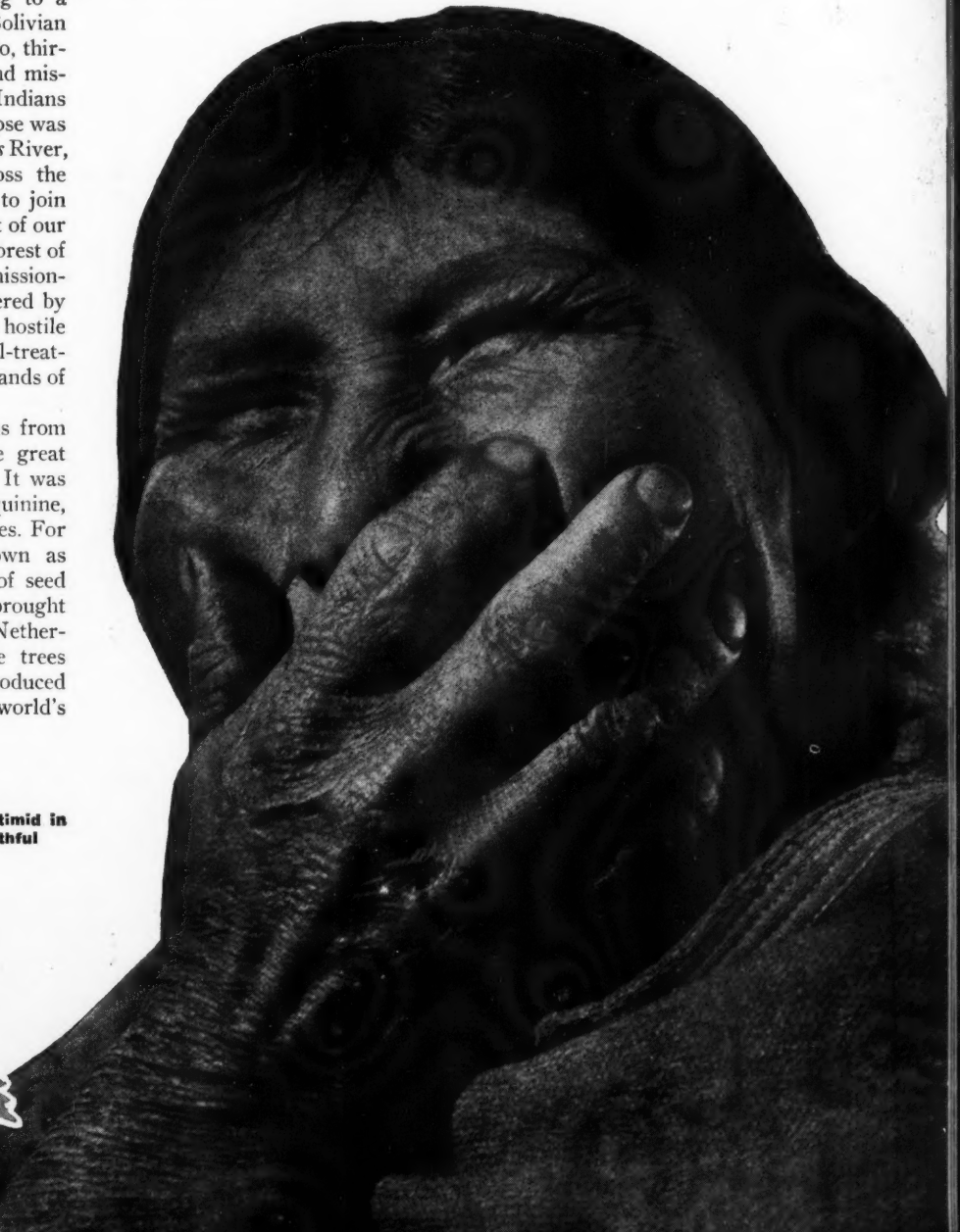
But it was not always so. The pioneer missionaries of Bolivia watered the soil with their blood and left upon the land a record of heroic sacrifice. In 1938, Indians of the Inapari tribe murdered a Spanish Dominican missionary, while he was traveling to a mission station on the Peru-Bolivian border. He was Father Arnaldo, thirty-four years of age, the second missionary victim of the Peruvian Indians in recent years. Part of the corpse was found later in the *Madre de Dios* River, which flows from Peru, across the Maryknoll mission in Bolivia, to join the Amazon in Brazil. Just east of our mission, in Matto Grosso, the forest of interior Brazil, two Salesian missionaries were ambushed and murdered by the Chavantes Indians—a tribe hostile to the whites as a result of the ill-treatment they had received at the hands of gold and diamond hunters.

The Jesuits and Franciscans from Spain and Portugal were the great missionaries of South America. It was the Jesuits who discovered quinine, which has saved millions of lives. For years the medicine was known as "Jesuit bark." A half pound of seed of the *quinquina* tree was brought from South America to the Netherlands East Indies, where the trees were cultivated until they produced ninety-five per cent of the world's supply of quinine.

In 1759 war on the Jesuits began the devastation from which the work among the South American Indians has never fully recovered. But the Jesuits were solid builders, and they laid their foundations well. Descendants of their congregations are Catholics who live in view of the church edifices built by the Jesuits. The work of the missionaries today is to continue where the Jesuits were forcibly stopped.

Into this land of the jungle and the Indian, Maryknoll will continue to send her missionaries as long as there remains one soul to save. The jungle may have riches that the world needs. With these we are not concerned. But the Indians of the jungle land have precious souls. With these we are very much concerned!

**The jungle Indians, childlike and timid in their natural state, become faithful Christians.**





Searching for souls among the refugees

By REV. THOMAS J. MALONE

**Nothing stops the postman or, we might add, the missionaries. These few anecdotes of mission activity in South China are thrilling.**

FATHER O'BRIEN and I were due to go to Kaying, 150 miles away, for the annual meeting of the priests. After digging up the last can of gasoline we had cached in the back yard of our rookery in Leong Clan Village, we got off to an early start. It was dangerous to travel the winding dirt road recently cut through rice fields, around hills, and over waste country. The roads were being strafed by enemy planes, bombing and machine-gunning the trucks that carry vital supplies for the army. Everything went smoothly until about 7 A. M., when some big Ford trucks raced wildly in the opposite direction. The drivers

## ... STAY NOT THESE

looked excited and anxiously pointed to the sky.

At this point we were going through miles of open country. Finally we came to a little tea shop under two big pine trees. A bus laden with merchandise was parked under one of the trees. This almost turned out to be our nemesis. We put our motorcycles some distance from the bus, fortunately, on a little terrace dropping off from the road, camouflaged the shiny metal parts with long grass and leaves, and scattered to what we thought were safe places in the fields. Soon we heard the sound of bombs. The planes followed the main highway, and we thought they would ignore our branch road, but one inquisitive pilot swung off from the group and scouted our bypath. After flying by us at a fair elevation, he wheeled low.

As the roar of the motor grew louder, I got down well behind the protecting bank of the field and tried to make myself small. In a moment there were two terrific detonations, and shrapnel sailed over our heads. Nobody moved and nobody spoke. We hoped it was all over. We watched the plane slowly wheeling, and realized, to our consternation, that its course would bring it right over our heads. It seemed the aviator must have known we were hiding there. What an ignominious way to die, and how futilely, with so much work to be done, and so many souls to save! As these thoughts raced through my mind, the plane was coming on. I tried to burrow more into the bank of the terrace and yet to keep perfectly still. I felt like a fly flattened against the wall, awaiting the smack of a fly swatter. Any minute now he'd open up on us. I hoped his aim would be poor. The big red sun on the underwing was plainly visible, and the helmeted aviator seemed to be looking down at us. I said many a fervent aspiration.

The plane shot by. Then we could hear the machine gun's rat-tat-tat ripping into the bus. Apparently the aviator was satisfied with the damage he did, and flew off to join his two companions. With a great feeling of relief and a prayer of thanksgiving on our lips, we ran up to the road to survey the damage. The bus was ripped from stem to stern.

We found our motorcycles intact. We were most fortunate in having those two pine trees there. Father O'Brien and I decided to push on to safer surroundings. We ran into two more air raids along the way, but nothing as exciting as that first one. Nightfall found us putting into Father John Callan's mission at Hingning, where we stayed for the night and regaled him with our experience. The next morning, when we reached Kaying, we found the topic of conversation to be: "What is the best means of protection in an air raid?" We carried on with our meetings, discussed mission methods and their adaptation to the changed mode of life, said "Good-bye" to the Bishop, and got back to our mission without further mishap.



# Couriers

Outside the city of Kweilin is a large camp of refugees who have come from the province of Angwei, almost two weeks' journey away. They came to Kweilin and Father Robert Greene first became acquainted with them when a few dropped in at his mission, looking for medicine for malaria. He took care of them, and they invited him out to see their camp. They suggested he bring along his medicine kit.

After a few contacts with Father Bob's engaging personality and his apostolic ways, the refugees became interested in the religion that inspired his work of charity. Several signified their desire to take instructions, and a small catechumenate was started. It was very successful and, as soon as the course was completed and this small group was baptized, the friends and relatives of these happy neophytes begged Father to give them a chance also to enter the Church. In their enforced idleness they have an excellent opportunity to devote themselves to the study required before they are sufficiently instructed for baptism. One catechumenate followed another, and Father Bob was kept so occupied that he hadn't had time for a vacation during the past two years.

Father Russell Sprinkle became the fast friend of thirty young medical students stranded in Watlam, awaiting their traveling expenses. They visited the mission one day and casually mentioned their plight to Father.

He is so well known in Watlam, and his credit is so good, that he was able to arrange with one of the local banks for an advance to the students, pending the arrival of the money from their supporters in Hong Kong. They were able to continue their journey and were grateful. The money arrived a few days after their departure, so Father, who is already highly thought of in Watlam, added one more reason to endear himself in a special way to the worthy citizens of that important city in southeastern Kwangsi.

These are only a few instances of the opportunities given our missionaries during the war. Certainly they are sowing a seed that will reap great harvests. The Chinese have a popular saying, "To be conscious of a deed well done, and not to acknowledge it, is not to be

a gentleman." Since every Chinese wants to be a gentleman, we can expect that, as he sees now the charity of God through the missionary, he will want to know and to thank the God of Charity.

Young men who are interested in the Maryknoll vocation are invited to write The Vocational Director, Maryknoll, N. Y., for advice and information. Your request for vocational literature does not commit you in any way.

Weak with the abandonment of homelessness





A hurricane of mourning mounts from the sighs of stricken multitudes. The whole world has become a deathbed. Why?

## THE

THE PHOTOGRAPHS on these two pages are actual and depressing. Each incident tells a story of suffering—bitter and painful, or swiftly closed in death. Yet, they are as grains of sand on a long seashore of sorrow. They are but sudden glimpses, through frightened eyes, of a multitudinous disaster.

We cannot multiply the suffering of the world, or add it up, to learn how much it is. We cannot estimate suffering by arithmetic. The suffering of one may equal that of many; it may be greater even than all—in Christ Our Lord it was.

We appreciate the suffering of others only through our own. Pain we know, but the diversity of it we can only imagine. We have been hungry, but we have never fought down the swelling fever of starvation; we have sought shelter in foreign lands, but we have never been weak with the abandonment of homelessness.

All men and women have suffered: the tiny, sharp intensities of childhood; the illness and incurable pain of a mother; the love that death stopped before it was spoken; the torment of deceived hopes; the endlessness of disappointment. Even the recollection of such griefs comes to us with a sound of weeping in the stillness of the night. Such are our intimate griefs—the strengthening sorrows of heaven's exiles.

But, today, there is a hurricane of mourning from the sighs of stricken multitudes; there is a torrent from their tears. The youth of the world flies to its death; their wives and children and parents have death brought to them, as they wait broken-hearted with compassion, which is the greatest of all pain. Two billions of the human



# Intolerable? SACRIFICE

race are engaged in active combat. They are dying in the air, in the sea, in fields, in houses, in streets, in cellars, in caves. The whole world has become a deathbed. Why?

Is this war merely a struggle for political and economic power? For totalitarian, or even for democratic, imperialism? If it is, then the life of one single individual, let him be the most insignificant of all mankind, is too high a price to pay for victory. If this civil war of the human race does not become (no matter how it was started) a martyrdom that will enrich with holiness the hearts of those who remain, then the sacrifice of the multitude will be a sinful, intolerable sacrifice—a global murder.

In this war, mankind must “fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ” <sup>(1)</sup>—our participation. “The chastisement of our peace was upon Him” <sup>(2)</sup>—it is upon all of us, too! Through it must come redemption from control by force and by the ideas of materialism. Through suffering must come universal “belief in man created free in the image of God.” <sup>(3)</sup>

For the covenant of a calm world, we must acknowledge all men but only one race—the human race; all nations but only one kingdom—the kingdom of God; all freedoms but only one liberty—the liberty of the sons of God.

If, to re-utter this Catholic gospel, we must die—gladly will we die. We cannot otherwise gladly live. Without this, life would be meaningless, and sacrifice intolerable.

(1) *Epistle to Colossians 1:24.* (2) *Isaias 53:5.* (3) *The President of the United States.*



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# MARYKNOLL

## THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded in 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority. Published Monthly.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

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### *Shine On, Farmer Boy*

I SAW him in the ricefield. He stopped working, as I approached, and leaned on his hoe. The sweat of a June day under the South China sun glistened on his brow. His coolie suit of blue denim was covered with dust, and the end of his frayed trousers disclosed a clumsy pair of stub-toed bare feet. He was a big boy for his age, but there was no comeliness in him; nobody would have looked at him twice: he was a clodhopper. ¶ I knew his father, a blunt old farmer, respected, hard-working, and honest. I knew his older brother, who was being educated at a city school. I inquired about the family. I spoke to him of his brother's progress. Then I tactlessly asked him if he also would not like to go to the city and study books. He looked up in naive surprise, turning his whole countenance upon me with the openness of a sunflower. Complete frankness was in his gaze, but a mist of puzzlement also clouded his eyes. I had hit upon something he did not quite understand, although he knew only too well the answer. He replied very simply and without a trace of feeling, "I am not bright enough to go to school; my family parent says I am good only to work in the fields." His father was not a harsh man; he was merely a truthful one. He had read his son aright and had told him that he was not made for anything else but a life of labor. The boy did not question this. He merely did not understand it. He did not resent or rebel; he was not envious of others more normal, more gifted. He was content. But he was also puzzled. And I knew he was to remain puzzled through a whole drab life of obscurity and toil, until God gathered him in His arms to explain the mystery to him in the realms of light. ¶ That puzzled resignation written in his honest eyes imprinted itself indelibly on my memory, and it stirred me as I have seldom been stirred. I have known love. I was not insensible to the ties of affection that bound the members of a singularly happy family, and the very name of my mother was to me like a song of angels. I have had friends that I thought were cherished in the fiber of my soul. I have lavished admiration and affection on every special object of God's creation—on saints and sunsets, on geniuses and golf courses, on babies, birds,

and bunnies, and on many other things besides. In short, I have had my transports. But I thought I had never scratched the surface of love before as I felt the fiery surge that came to me now. It was romance, if you will. Certainly it was predilection. ¶ "I choose you" sang in my heart as I looked at my awkward farmer boy, perfect picture of the underprivileged soul. "I choose you, and with you the countless millions of God's children like you: men overworked and overlooked; men forgotten and despised; men white, black, and brown; souls impoverished and unendowed. I choose you, and I dedicate myself to you, and I ask no other privilege but to devote the energies of my soul to such as you. For in this sudden revelation shines an incarnation of my life ideal. You are my father and mother, my sister and my brother; you hold the center of my dreams. Men of no attraction, you attract me. Souls of no distinction, you draw and dazzle me. Clodhoppers of the world, for your own you claim me." ¶ There is, of course, a special reason for the deep impressions made on me by this living symbol of the world's need. I am a missionary. I am a man sent by the Catholic Church to minister to such as he. That Church has the recipe for every need of all the sons of men. She overlooks none. There is guidance for the gifted; there is opportunity for the energetic; there is development for the rugged and the strong. But for the frail and the forgotten, for the puzzled and the poor, there is also something; for that Church is a true mother, and it is for her weakest children that she reserves her deepest interest and her tenderest care. I am proud to be a missionary, with a vocation that has anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor. ¶ Shine on, farmer boy, symbol to me of the thousand million like you who drew the Son of God from heaven to smooth and bless your weary anxieties and your puzzled brows. Come to me often in your barefoot squalor and look at me from out those hopeless and bewildered eyes. Do not let me forget that vision, but stay by me and preside over my dreams. Teach me that souls are people. And remind me everlastingly that they are magnificent people like you.

♦Bishop Walsh



# Hound OF HEAVEN

IN THE days of Caesar Augustus, the divine Artist of creation fashioned a new man, <sup>(1)</sup> at the cost of His own life. He had poured out the fullness of His vitality. He had imparted His very existence to mankind. In Gethsemane, He was utterly spent, mortally exhausted. On Calvary, the last drop of His Blood fell to the ground.

The whole action was a method of creation, a visible movement of creative love. The sons of Adam became the sons of God. At His word, a universe was created, but a new humanity was created by the Word made Flesh. Heaven itself rejoiced; and as men grew in faith they learned how to smile, for gladness blossomed on Easter Day. The Hound of Heaven had come home.

The mission work of the Church is the extension of that creative act. It is a ceaseless pursuit. It is the heart of Omnipotence beating insistently in mankind. Missioners may bring education, medical relief, and social assistance as acts of charity, but the main purpose of their going is to bring divinity to the souls of men.

The missioners of Maryknoll have gone to Hawaii, to the Philippine Islands, to China, to South America. They are there now—laboring with all their energy. But our missioners to Japan have been compelled to leave.

During past years, the sons and daughters of Maryknoll have brought Christ to thousands of Koreans, Manchurians, and Japanese; thousands who remain faithful and heroic in their devotion to the Catholic Faith. Today we have no regrets; we are not dispirited; we have no complaints. We have been led whither we would not, <sup>(2)</sup> “as dying, and behold, we live . . . as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.” <sup>(3)</sup>

We interpret the return of some of our missioners in the light and joy of the creative mission of Our Blessed Lord. They have been missioners of a Divine creation. They have brought to people the inestimable power of grace, the dazzling radiance of faith, the everlasting beauty of eternal truth. They come back, but their mission is not ended. (1) *Eph.* 4:24. (2) *St. John* 21:18. (3) *II Cor.* 6:9.

# Christianity AND THE

I HAVE just returned from Rangoon, in Burma. Rangoon is now fallen. In a hastily built trench, my two children, my wife, and myself had found protection from the shattering bombs of the air raiders. When night fell, we hurried over the Burma Road to Lashio, which, likewise, since has fallen. Deep feelings of regret filled our Chinese hearts as we realized that our land route to the outside world had been cut, after four years of desperate struggle. We felt as if not only ourselves but all China were imprisoned. We were entering that embattled and encircled territory — we were not fleeing from it. We reached Chungking by plane.

In Chungking, strangely enough, I experience a sense of safety; I am less nervously concerned about my family than I was in Rangoon. Even mentally, I seem to enter the deep, commodious caves which furnish the natural bomb shelters for Chungking. Some of these caves accommodate thousands of persons.

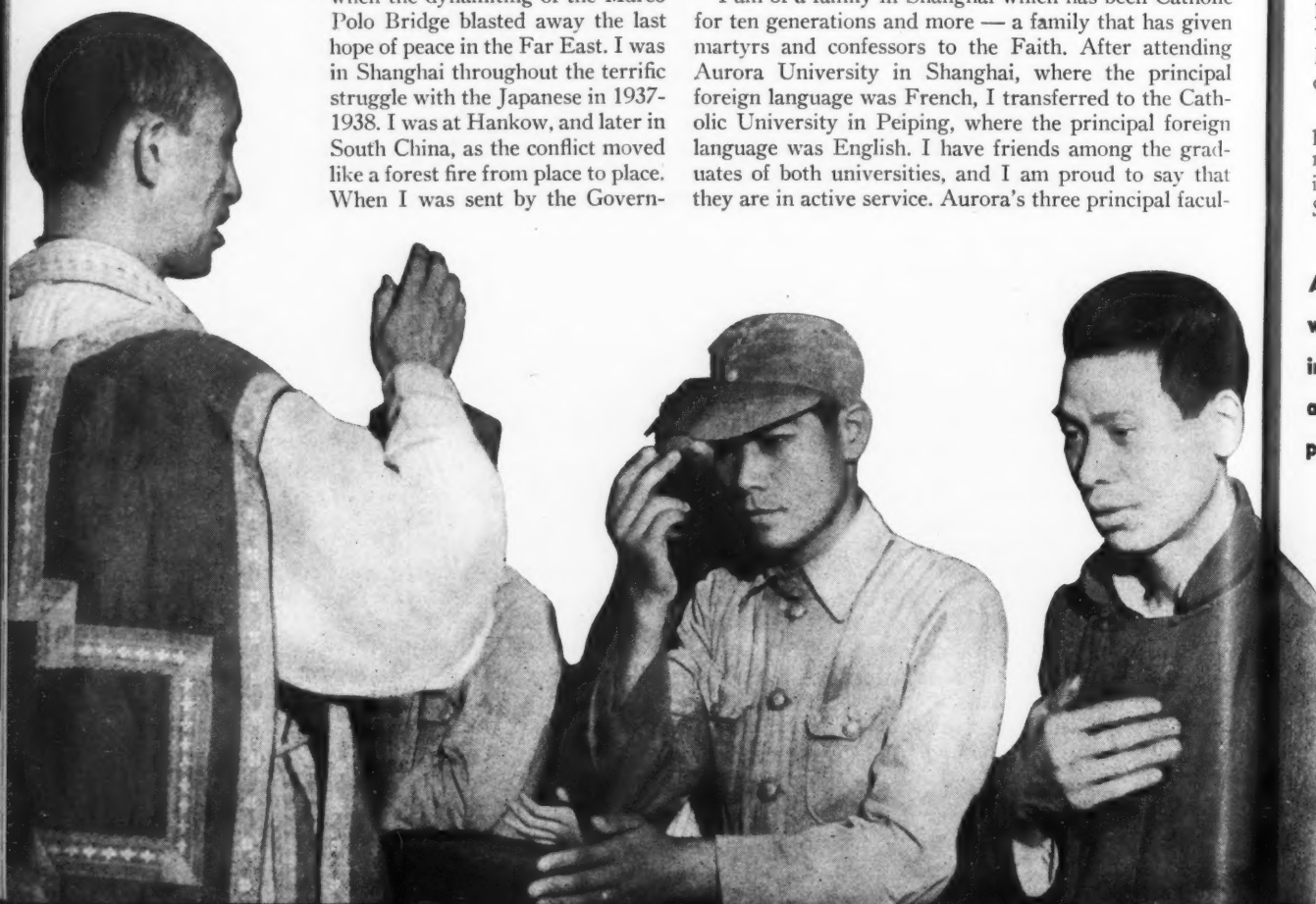
I am becoming an experienced hand at air raids. Curiously, I have chanced to be "on the spot" during critical days in many parts of China. In 1937 I was in Peiping when the dynamiting of the Marco Polo Bridge blasted away the last hope of peace in the Far East. I was in Shanghai throughout the terrific struggle with the Japanese in 1937-1938. I was at Hankow, and later in South China, as the conflict moved like a forest fire from place to place. When I was sent by the Govern-

ment of China to Rangoon, I felt that I had been lifted bodily from the maddening noise of war to the sudden quiet of a peaceful city. You may believe I was as stunned as were the Americans when Japanese troops filtered through Malay and took Singapore, and then marched back to Burma — and Rangoon. Before the Japanese reached Rangoon, I had been recalled to Chungking.

Nowhere else in China or in the Far East is there a spirit comparable to that of Chungking. It is a spirit that makes the city indestructible. It is difficult to explain. Houses, factories, government buildings are bombed into rubble; to all appearances the people have fled or have died; you say to yourself, "This time Chungking is finished." But like robins after a rainstorm, the Chinese people come out of the caves of shelter and, after a few sharp warbles of relief, start rebuilding their nests. This has happened several times.

Amid all the anxieties of these war years, one phase of my experience has been most happy. I have discovered many evidences of the steady and substantial part which Chinese Catholics are playing in the war effort.

I am of a family in Shanghai which has been Catholic for ten generations and more — a family that has given martyrs and confessors to the Faith. After attending Aurora University in Shanghai, where the principal foreign language was French, I transferred to the Catholic University in Peiping, where the principal foreign language was English. I have friends among the graduates of both universities, and I am proud to say that they are in active service. Aurora's three principal facul-





# GENERALISSIMO

By NICHOLAS CHAN

ties are engineering, law, and medicine; the C. U. of Peiping emphasizes science and literature. Today men from both universities hold important positions in the civil government and in the military. Some of my former companions are among the Chinese aviation cadets now training at Randolph Field in Texas. The Aurora at Shanghai and Catholic University at Peiping are in occupied territory, but they are still functioning at their original locations; and, because practically all others have been closed or have otherwise suffered, they have grown enormously. Catholic University now has over two thousand students; Aurora's enrollment is likewise in the thousands.

I have known many Catholic priests in China, both Chinese and foreign. I have a distinct opinion about them. They are altogether too modest. They have too long hidden their light under a bushel; they have seldom been recognized in public life. However, it is said that this quality has had advantages for the Church, since, rather than having been caught up in public affairs, the priests have been able to work undisturbed among the people and to strengthen our ranks with converts. Today we number over three million Catholics. Everywhere I go I find at least a small group of Catholics, and in the larger cities there are generally a number of flourishing parishes.

In spite of the reticence of the priests, the war has projected Catholic action and Catholic ideas into prominence. Without pretending to have any intimate or special information regarding General and Madame Chiang Kai Shek, I may say that, today as never before, China's

leader and his wife have a profound respect for the Catholic Church and its members, Chinese and foreign. Madame Chiang Kai Shek is reported to have remarked recently that she feels rather exasperated because she lived her life for so many years as a Protestant Christian without knowing of the great world of Catholics.

The war adds continually to the stature of General Chiang Kai Shek. In prestige he has outdistanced immeasurably every other living Chinese. Years ago he knew nothing about Christianity. He had a strong antipathy for foreigners because so many of them had selfish interests in China. Years ago he seemed to believe that such foreigners were typical Christians. Madame Chiang Kai Shek changed his views on Christianity. Shortly after he married Meiling Soong, he was converted to Christian Methodism.

A few years ago Chinese officers told the Maryknoll missionaries in Kweilin that Chiang Kai Shek in a lecture to army cadets had proposed the Catholic missionary as a model for their imitation. Throughout an entire class period, Chiang Kai Shek described the devotion and self-abnegation of these representatives of Christ. "Today," said Chiang, "I propose to speak to you on the model for your lives as officers of the Republic. That model is the Catholic

**A Chinese Catholic layman who has traveled widely in his country tells us of the high regard in which Christianity is held by Chiang Kai Shek and many important Chinese officials. His present position in Chungking requires him to employ the above nom de plume.**



## **CHRISTIANITY AND THE GENERALISSIMO (Continued)**

missionary priest. These men are single-hearted, constant, persevering, undaunted by any obstacles, unremitting at their work."

Last year Madame Chiang Kai Shek sent a message from Chungking. It is a remarkable statement about our Catholic missionaries. I wish to quote a part of it.

"For the last four years," wrote Madame Chiang, "China, with a population equal in number to all the members of the Catholic Church in the world, has been fighting a war of resistance against Japanese aggression.

"Therefore, to the 400,000,000 Catholics scattered throughout the world, it must be a vital concern how your missionaries in China are meeting this challenge under the rough frown of war.

"No account of China's resistance is complete unless it records the worthy part your missionaries have played at the front, in the rear, in Free China, or in Japanese-occupied areas. They have not accepted the facile passivity of inaction; on the contrary, they have hurled themselves unsparingly and with consecrated zeal into the task of alleviating pain and misery, both physical and spiritual.

"For example, the saintly Father Lebbe, until his death, led his group of workers into the very percussion of cannon fire to succor the wounded in the battlefield. Eventually, he sacrificed his life for the people he loved.

"Large numbers of Catholic missionaries, at the risk of their own lives, have protected refugees and preserved the honor of terrified and helpless women who ran into Catholic compounds when the Japanese military approached. Other Catholic missionaries devoted themselves to the rescue and care of innocent and bewildered children caught in the whirlwind of war. Others, with undaunted courage, continued educational work amongst the stricken and destitute. In all that they are doing, they have shown the quality of mercy which blesses him that gives and him that receives. In deed and in spirit, their all-embracing charity is like manna dropped in the way of a starved people.

"Their life of self-denial and inner discipline has proved to be a source of inspiring courage to all those they serve and with whom they suffer."

I think I can truthfully say that the Christian people in China and of China have won Chiang Kai Shek quite as much as the Generalissimo himself has won the loyalty of the Christian people. In China very few people are hostile to Christianity or to any particular religious belief. As a Catholic I have traveled widely and have always been accorded respect when it became known that I desired to practice faithfully my religion. Chiang Kai Shek was never opposed to Christianity, but there was a time when he did not understand the Catholic Church. He knows and admires the Church today because its trans-

scendent devotion to China has moved in upon his consciousness overwhelmingly.

In 1928, when the Generalissimo gained his first great success by uniting China, it was Pope Pius XI who, before any civil government in the world, was the first to congratulate him and his people. In August of that year, a message came by wire from Rome to the Generalissimo for "the great and most noble people of China," expressing the hope "that the legitimate wishes and rights of a people, the most numerous in the world, should be fully recognized; a people of ancient culture, which has known periods of greatness and splendor, to which, if it keeps to the paths of justice and order, a great future cannot but be assured."

When this present struggle broke upon us, General Chiang made no secret of his surprise at the genuine affection which Christians revealed toward China. For instance, there was the message of the Apostolic Delegate to China, Archbishop Zanin. When it was called to the

Generalissimo's attention, the effect was breath-taking.

"The armaments of love," said the message in part, "are arrayed against the armaments of death.

"Jesus, in the guise of the people of China, cries aloud to us: 'I am hungry, thirsty, sick. . . Come to Me.'"

"May the words that my sorrowing heart urges me to address to you betoken my love for the Chinese.

Let me repeat, I feel very proud of the supremely worthy position which our religion occupies in China today. The bombs drove me from Rangoon; they hurtled me to the caves of Chungking; but they deepened my confidence in my own people, and my pride in my fellow Catholics. Being bombed is not without its compensations.

## **SERVICE MEN AND THE MISSIONS**

**Maryknoll's magazine, THE FIELD AFAR, may be sent to men in any branch of the service at quite a reduction:**

**TWO YEARS FOR ONE DOLLAR**

**or**

**we shall be glad to send a one-year subscription to two different service men for the same membership fee—one dollar.**

**This offer may also be extended to USO Clubs.**

**Maryknoll Fathers  
Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.**

# NO ASPIRIN?

By REV. PAUL J. DUCHESNE

HAVE YOU EATEN RICE, FATHER?" I turned from the medicine cabinet, and there she stood, poised in a curtsy.

"Yes, I have eaten morning rice. And you?"

"Oh, yes! I've had the cow out to graze since." She was about twelve—with big black eyes, very long eyelashes, dimples above a tiny, pointed chin, and her hair done in a long pigtail.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Kom Tak," she answered shyly, and I thought what a pretty name it was—"Golden Virtue."

No need to ask why she had come to the dispensary. Her labored breathing was audible even from where she stood, ten feet away. She had a severe case of asthma.

What does one do for asthma? The constriction in that narrow, little chest must be very painful. If only I could help her! I reached for the medical manual and turned to the index. Yes, there it was—"Bronchial Asthma, page 279."

There I read: "Bronchial asthma is a condition characterized by paroxysmal attacks of dyspnea, in which the chest is extended to its fullest extent, the expiration is prolonged, the vesicular murmur is obscured by loud, musical rales, and usually there is expectoration containing characteristic spiral-like masses and many eosinophilic cells." Well, Golden Virtue certainly had asthma, but I didn't know she had all *that*.

I read on to the prognosis: "The disease does not prove fatal except through complications or sequelæ." That's fine! I could understand that language: "No fatal consequences." I stole a glance at Golden Virtue. Her eyes were large with wonder, and the ready smile revealed a row of teeth that were all little pearls.

I turned back to the book and the treatment: "In the case of food sensitization, relief is afforded by keeping the offending protein out of the diet. (My little friend's diet is rice every day in the year.) Appropriate surgery may effect a cure. Chronic bronchitis, emphysema, and dilatation of the heart are frequent concomitants of asthma. . . ." Finally, one line seemed to give a hint of a treatment within my limited power: "The treatment is ephedrine."

But then I remembered: I hadn't any! So I did what I could, and gave the child a soda-mint tablet! She took



She was poor in earthly goods, but her name was Golden Virtue.

it quickly and, after a curtsy and a smile she was off.

Next day, while browsing through the medicine cabinet, I noticed the fugitive word. There was a solution of ephedrine in a small bottle of nasal drops. Would Golden Virtue come back? I turned—and, as if the answer sprang from the hope, there she was.

"I feel much better today, Father."

"That's fine! And now I have some better medicine."

I injected the drops into her little flat nose and we chatted a while. Then she bowed and, while still in the bow, and saying, "You are very kind, Father," she flipped those long, black eyelashes a double flip, and was off, hopping down the cactus-bordered path.

Golden Virtue continues to pay me a daily visit. We talk of cows and pigs and rice and birds; sometimes of school and often of the Blessed Mother. Her asthma seems more quiet these days. What's in a soda-mint, anyway?



# Sisters ARE MISSIONERS

**Y**ESTERDAY we had a 99% attendance of the village women at Mass," wrote a Maryknoll Sister from Peteoutsai, South China. "Work goes on despite five years of war. This is very encouraging and shows that follow-up counts. Most people measure the results of a mission by the number of baptisms. Actually a baptism is like a graduation. The day it happens, it has all the glamour of a glorious achievement. Then, it turns out to have been a commencement. Our newly baptized Catholics, so joyous on the great day, face from then on the very serious task of living a Christian life in the midst of pagan surroundings.

"Sunday, for example, means nothing to their non-Christian neighbors. Saturday, therefore, we call 'check-up day' and make a point of dropping in on the newly baptized, and also on some of the careless older Christians, to remind them of their obligation to hear Mass on Sunday."

Often the first steps toward making conversions are long mission trips afoot—under a burning tropical sun, in torrential rains, in near-Siberian winters. "We men go through China converting men," says Bishop Ford, "but

the Chinese mother is the real molder of the faith of her children, and an enduring Church is founded on her conversion."

"Talking to the women about the Faith," writes one Sister, "is a very simple matter. All we need to do is to answer the questions we are asked wherever we go: 'Who are you? Where do you come from? And why did you come?'"

"Meantime the children are sure to have spied our medals and crucifixes. Naturally they want to know what they are, and why we wear them. There could be no better introduction to the Faith!"

"Study-the-doctrine time" is what the Chinese call the catechumenate course for those seeking Baptism. Whether coming in from distant villages to live on the mission compound, or returning home each night, the catechumens study hours a day for successive weeks.

Not all settle down at once. Those who have never been away from home before must run back, once or twice, to make sure that someone is feeding the water buffalo or boiling the morning rice. But they soon return to their studies and to the discipline of the catechumenate, and remain until the eventful day of baptism.

"Sunday in our mission," wrote another Sister, "is brimful, pressed down, and flowing over with interests. After Mass the compound is alive with people. Doctrine study is audible everywhere: here, a group of toddlers learning to make the sign of the cross; there a First Communion or Confirmation class; here, a circle of newly baptized women reviewing the catechism; there, a coterie of old grannies droning out the prayers."

Glimpses of the preparation and the "follow-up" involved in this serious Sunday-school business may be gleaned from the Shuichai diary:

**September 6** A busy day completing our plans for the Sunday-school registration and testing for class placement. In the afternoon we had a meeting with the Sunday-school teachers and gave them directions for the following morning.

**September 7** This morning 81 children were placed in their respective classes for prayer and catechism study. They will be with us an hour and a quarter every Sunday morning after Mass. In the afternoon 27 women came to study.

**September 13** A day of visiting parents to check up on absentees from last week's Sunday-school classes.

**September 14** A gathering of 120 children this morning. In the afternoon 63 women came to study. After Benediction, at a meeting of the Ladies' Cath-



**Long mission trips afoot—under a burning tropical sun, in torrential rains—these make for mission life.**

olic Action Society, first steps were taken for the organization of a Sodality of Our Blessed Mother.

A sodality, or Catholic Action group, is found to be an indispensable ally in strengthening both old and new Christians in the practice of their Faith. The name of the president of the Rosary Sodality is Ching Malia. We first met her at the Village of the Silk Dress, when we were on the apostolate of the road.

When a little girl, Ching Malia lived in Mauritius, an island in the South Pacific. She heard the Catholics talk about the "God of the Skies." She did not know who He was, or what the name meant. But she remembered. Thirty years ago, her father brought her back to China. Occasionally she thought of the "God of the Skies" and wondered if there were a Catholic church in her district. A few years ago she accidentally met two of our Sisters on the road, and she was overjoyed. Since her baptism shortly thereafter, she has been a veritable apostle. Frequently she walks sixteen miles to the nearest mission church to receive the sacraments. She lives her faith and talks of nothing else.

The sodality she heads is for women and girls who live more than three miles from the church. For each ten members, there is a leader whose duty it is to see that her group attends the recitation of the rosary on Sundays and comes to church on the major feasts. She must also see that new-born babies are baptized, that the children attend catechism classes, that the priest is notified when someone is seriously ill.

Even in marriages, Sisters often have a big hand. Frequently they have to instruct the daughter of a pagan family, espoused to a Catholic youth. This sometimes involves more than teaching the catechism, as may be seen from the following letter from Sister Rose Victor in Kweilin:

"I had a funny experience the other day—the first time I ever dressed a bride and sent her off to be married. The girl has been staying on our compound, preparing for Baptism and Matrimony. She was baptized at Easter and married on Easter Tuesday. I think we ought to add this to our list of activities. It is like a corporal work of mercy."

One day, in a village far distant from their convent, the Sisters were greeted by a child who told them Old Lady Wong was very sick and wanted to see them. They found her sick and dying. She had been anointed. Neighbors had told the priest.

"But I wanted the Sisters to come to me before I died, to dress me to go to meet the Lord of Heaven," she said. "I asked Our Blessed Mother to grant me this favor. See



**The children are always glad to see the Sisters. The medal and the crucifix are ever objects of great interest.**

how very wonderfully she has answered my prayer!"

After making her a cup of tea, dressing her in her burial clothes, as is the custom in China, the Sisters stayed beside the old woman, talking to her of heaven. As she fell into the slumber that was to be her last, she held Sister's hand and whispered: "Now I am ready to go. Some day I will see you again in heaven. Till then, Sisters, God bless you!"

### **THE SISTERS WALK, TOO**

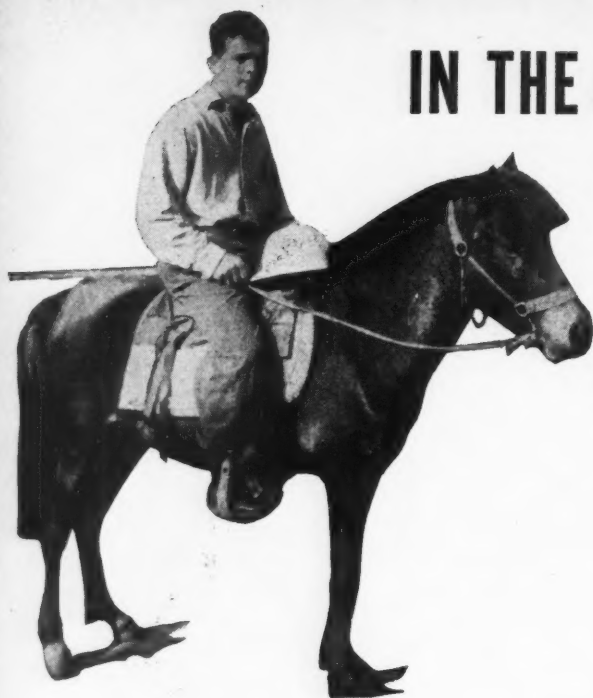
Gas rationing does not bother our Sisters in South China. They walk. Recently Sister Marcelline walked 53 miles on a mission trip.

*One dollar supports a Sister one day.*

**Address: Mother Mary Joseph, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.**

# IN THE *Heroic* TRADITION

By REV. ROBERT W. GARDNER



**The full story of heroism is not found in the daily press. Here's another, deeper story—**

THE UNITED STATES is becoming less lightsome in conversation and less spontaneous in laughter. Mothers and fathers are apprehensive when they think of their sons who are hidden in the shuffle of secret war maneuvers.

The nation's men, who last year worked in offices, played a voluble game of bridge in the evening, and drove their cars through the country over a week end, have taken on the hard, matter-of-fact voices of soldiers who speak from the frontiers of battle. They tell the story of Bataan and Midway, Pearl Harbor and the Coral Sea, as if it were their own. It is a story spoken above the strafing of machine guns and the detonation of high explosives; a story that history will keep alive, and that old men will recall when two or three generations shall have passed.

The men of the press write the chronicle. They relay the reports of defeat and victory to an attentive audience. However, the full story of heroism is not always found in the papers, or among the soldiers. There is another heroism, cast from a different mold—deep, unspectacular, and known only to a few. It is a heroism that seeks the preservation of life while stronger forces are intent upon destruction and conquest. It lies in the stories of nurses, doctors, chaplains, and—least spectacular of all—of missionaries who have remained at their posts.

**IN THE CENTER OF THE WEST RIVER**, in South China, near Hong Kong, directly in the path of continuous war activities, there is a small delta island called Ngai Moon. Enemy guns located near the river bank have kept up, for over four years, an almost ceaseless barrage upon the commercial districts strung along the opposite shore. Although the guns are within sight and sound of the island, Ngai Moon has never been struck. Fighting goes on all around it, but Ngai Moon is like the "dead spot"—the windless center—of a typhoon.

Occupying the island, aside from a few shipwrecked sailors and soldiers, are Father Joseph Sweeney and his colony of some six hundred lepers. The island is the home of the Gate of Heaven Leper colony, which was established by Father Sweeney in 1927.

The possibility of a shell falling short of its mark and dropping in the midst of the little hospital and the huts of the lepers was not a particularly pleasant prospect, especially since the majority of patients were Chinese.

Father Sweeney could not find words sufficiently persuasive to lessen the ten-





The upper photo on page 20 shows Father Murphy of Kaying ready for a mission journey. In the lower corner of the same page the late Superior General of Maryknoll, Bishop Walsh, meets a tiny refugee of a former China war.

sion of the situation. In order to forestall the panic, which was almost inevitable, he went about his work as if nothing were happening. Sometimes at a particularly loud report, he would call out laughingly, "Hold your hats, boys!" and then, as he walked off, the lepers would marvel at such bravery.

Gradually the lepers responded to his silent admonition, and, as the weeks passed without casualty, they learned to disregard the guns. These days, when the bombing planes fly over Ngai Moon on their daily trips, the lepers scarcely look up.

**FATHER SWEENEY'S DUTIES** did not end with removing panic and fear. The treatment of lepers demands constant service and large quantities of modern medicine. Time after time the priest made perilous trips through the dangerous waters of the China Sea in order to obtain supplies. Once his boat was attacked and sunk by a Japanese warship. His whole supply of medicine was lost, and as the boat floundered he dived into the sea. After a six-hour swim, he landed on the beach of a small, uninhabited island, where he was marooned without food or water for three days. Shortly after his rescue, he returned to Hong Kong to replenish his supplies.

A few weeks ago a very brief and inconspicuous news report stated that there had been a bombing in the city of Kweilin, South China. Kweilin has been bombed so often that even the people themselves have ceased to consider it as news. For well over four years, enemy troops have been trying to demolish the city. Homes and shops have been wrecked and rebuilt again and again. Children have been born in the midst of rubble and conflagration, and their infant ears have been tuned to the sharp crack of guns and the cries of wounded people.

**ALL DURING THE WAR**, Maryknoll's Monsignor Romanello, from New Rochelle, New York, and his assistant missionaries have administered the sacraments with the bombs crashing around them. The Monsignor has said Mass in the caves of the mountainsides; he has seen his mission literally blown out from under him, and his people torn to shreds. He has watched the children of his parish slowly dying of starvation, though he was scouring the markets of South China for rice and medicine meanwhile. He has kept his little medical dispensary going day and night, he has given out food to thousands of famished people, and he has seen the pitiful supplication growing in the eyes of mothers as they gathered their families protectingly around them.

One day the planes came close to home and dropped their bombs directly on his mission. The buildings were

demolished, and supplies were scattered far and wide over the compound. This was a new catastrophe; the people who had become his dependents watched closely to see how he would face it. They saw him go to a river, hire a good-sized sampan, and load the remainder of his supplies.

The spectators shrugged their shoulders in submission. "After all," they said, "it is not his war. He has been good to us for many months; it is only right that he should go back to his own people."

One of his loyal parishioners approached to bid him goodbye, bowed respectfully, and said, "You will be leaving us soon, then, *Shen Fu*?"

"Leaving?" replied Monsignor. "I am not leaving. This is the new mission. Tell the people that medicine will be given out here on the boat."

**AS THE YEARS GO BY** and new generations come forth to a peaceful Orient, the young men who till the rice fields will not realize that once their precious earth was idle for a time. But the old men will tell them of the huge bombs that ploughed their ancestral land in irregular caverns. They will tell of the time when murder and hunger stalked the land. They will tell of the men and women of Christ, Catholic and non-Catholic, who brought rice and medicine and whose hands blessed or healed while others killed. The people will never forget.

It is hard to believe that now many of the missionaries who worked unstintingly for friend and foe have been placed in concentration camps or that others have been asked to return to their native land. But they will bide their time; and when the war is over, they will go back to the cities and the hinterlands where their people till the rice fields, work in shops, and pray in churches. And the people will welcome the missionaries with open arms because the people will not have forgotten.



## WHAT'LL I SAY?

**WHAT'LL YOU SAY?** Why, simply say you are going to join Maryknoll friends over the country who are furnishing some part, large or small, of the \$500 needed for each of the 24 Maryknollers soon to leave for Bolivia and the islands of the Pacific.

Say to one of these brave young Americans that you, too, want a part in giving each of these young missionaries a happy send-off on his one-way trip to the far corners of the world, where countless thousands of other eager souls like you are waiting for someone to bring into their lives some of the happiness that has been given to you.

**MARYKNOLL FATHERS**  
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

I should like to contribute \$. . . . . toward  
the \$500 needed for each of the 24 Maryknoll  
missioners leaving for mission posts this year.

NAME . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . .

Whether you can give him \$1 or \$500 to speed him on his way, it will be welcome.

You can gladden your heart by knowing that you have a part in helping to spread over the world some of the goodness and joy with which God has blessed you! In the lower left corner of this page is a blank for your convenience. Don't delay; clip it right now. Enjoy the thrill of sending a missionary to the field!

### The Month's Prize Letter

We have just received a letter from a brave mother. Her son, who was in the aviation corps, died at Pearl Harbor, but his memory still lives on—thanks to his thoughtful, wonderful mother. Here is her message to Maryknoll.

Dear Fathers:

My son died at Pearl Harbor, where he was stationed with the Army aviation. He was a good boy, a good Catholic, a good soldier. The good that was in him could have done so much to help this dear old world of ours. I want his spirit to continue among us—his memory to live on. I can't think of any better way of doing this than by helping in the support of a Maryknoll missionary who, in a very literal way, will spread the love of God and man over the world. I wish I could back a missionary for the full 30 days a month, but \$5 a month is the best I can do now. I hope to give more later. Although I have lost my own son, there is deep satisfaction in adopting a son of Maryknoll.

—Mrs. A. R. M., Minnesota

### DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Most Rev. Joseph M. Corrigan; Rev. Richard Murphy; Rev. Matthias Kraus; Rev. Thomas J. Wheeler; Sister Mary Assisium Hyde; Sister Mary Aloysius; Sister Concilio; Sister M. Regis Reagan; Sister Mary of Holy Angels; Mrs. Patrick Lenahan; Mr. William J. Irwin; Mrs. Julia A. Joyce; Mr. Russell Hughes; Mr. Thomas J. Dancy; Mrs. J. M. Layden; Miss Mary Layden; Mr. William Cain; Mrs. M. J. McMahon; Mrs. Cleophas Dion; Miss Bridget Kilcoyne; Mr. John McKenna; Mr. James Sexton, Sr.; Miss Joan Connolly; Mr. John P. Mullin; Miss Elizabeth M. Fleming; Miss Catherine M. Daly; Miss Catherine Keenan; Mrs. Nora O'Dea; Mrs. A. Smith; Mrs. M. Cavanaugh; Mr. John Keilly; Mr. Frank E. Uhlhorn; Mr. Patrick McAuley; Mr. Frank Rusir; Mrs. Ellen Guthrie; Miss Mary Kelly; Private Leo E. A. Gogue; Mrs. Kate Denham; Mrs. Margaret C. Littleton; Mrs. Shanahan; Mr. Albert F. Slamin; Mrs. Catherine Ackerman Guess; Mrs. Kruse; Mr. Frank Sherlock; Mr. John F. Welch; Mr. Charles Kelly; Mr. Lawrence Phillips; Mr. Maurice McGrath; Mr. William H. Finnimore; Mr. John M. Cloonan; Miss Mary E. Cloonan; Mr. John F. Carr; Mr. Joseph A. Fopeau; Mr. James Gerrigthy; Miss Catherine Foy; Miss Rhoda McCarthy; Mrs. Rose O'Brien; Mrs. Elizabeth J. Cream; Miss Annie Desmond; Mr. Thomas A. Kane; Mrs. Alice Delaney; Mr. Martin Calpin; Mr. John McKenzie; Miss Mary McDonough; Miss Joanna Falvey; Mr. John McDonnell; Miss Theresa Marie Brick; Miss Helen Karl; Mr. John C. Schuster, Jr.; Mr. Edward A. Blakeney; Mr. William Skehan; Miss Rose Windhaus; Mrs. William Schmidt; Mrs. Nora Coolin; Mr. Wilfred V. Hughes; Mr. M. R. Hampton; Mr. John D. Wallin; Mr. William Riordan; Mrs. Mary Harding; Mr. John J. Fitzpatrick; Mr. Frederick J. Bender; Mr. Ferdinand J. Bender; Miss Henrietta Shields; Miss Mary McDermott; Mr. Joseph P. O'Connor; Mrs. Edward Hess; Mr. George W. Norris; Mr. Edward Goskey; Mr. George Gunther; Mr. Michael Tomasulo; Mrs. Anne Bohen Kealey; Miss Elizabeth C. Barnum; Miss Mary Gorman; Mrs. Mary Patterson; Mrs. Alice G. Casak; Mr. George R. Gerey; Mrs. Helene E. Beck; Mr. John McKernan; Mrs. W. F. Deverman; Mrs. Thomas May; Mr. Cornelius Cryan; Miss Margaret Mahoney; Mr. John Crough; Mr. Edward Fagan; Miss Katherine Dwyer; Mr. John J. Flaherty; Mr. Frank Hlavin; Mr. John N. Dowdall; Mr. Richard Joseph Dowdall; Miss Mary Coyne; Mrs. Julia Harrington; Miss Nora Morrison; Mrs. Margaret T. Walter; Mrs. Frances M. Doherty; Mrs. Catherine Hurley; Miss Anna A. Hearons; Mrs. William Palmer; Miss Lucy M. Craig; Mr. Delbert H. Flocker; Mr. James MacFarlane; Mr. Edwin MacFarlane; Mrs. George Fletcher; Miss Catherine Kelly; Mr. Charles Reck; Miss McCarthy; Mr. George W. Maupin; Mrs. Margaret Mulligan; Mrs. Margaret Morgan; Mr. Frank Callahan; Mr. Peter E. Brown; Mrs. Marie Shine; Mr. F. V. Stork; Mrs. Mabel Kelly; Mr. Lawrence F. O'Brien; Mr. Glosser; Mrs. Phil Schmid; Mrs. William DeChant; Mrs. Fred J. Meyer; Miss Margaret Canles; Miss Jane McDermott; Mr. James McDermott; Miss Louise G. Franklin; Mrs. Sarah D. Finn; Mrs. Evelyn Campbell; Mr. Joseph Henke; Mrs. M. J. Pigott; Mrs. Elizabeth Schmal; Mr. Michael Ganler; Mrs. Susan Bennett; Mrs. Sarah Boulger; Mr. Joseph G. White; Miss Nettie Thomas; Mr. Thomas C. Evans; Mr. N. Pelletier; Miss Jane LeStrange; Miss Mary C. Kennedy; Mrs. Bridget O'Connell; Mrs. Laurent Despres; Mr. Jagodzinski.

# MEDITATIONS FROM OUR MAILBAG

In the correspondence that comes to Maryknoll from all sections of the country are countless instances of extraordinary faith, hope, and charity. These letters ring with a spirit that is a constant inspiration to us. In a very real sense they are "meditations from our mailbag." We present a few of them (anonymous, of course!), so that you, too, may share in their inspiration.

**Have Helped Me** Maryknoll is in constant touch with hundreds of young men over the country who are interested in the priesthood. Only a small portion of them will become missionaries overseas. But Maryknoll, in a sincere effort to be concerned with all parts of the Lord's vineyard, feels it a special privilege to be instrumental in guiding many a young American to the service of the priesthood in his own diocese or to the mission fields of the homeland. The following, just in, is one of many evidences of this very pleasant role that Maryknoll is honored to play in increasing the ranks of the priesthood at home:

*"While I do not feel that it is my vocation to become a Maryknoll missionary, yet I do want you to know that because of your thoughtful letters, your vocation notes, and your sincere kindness, you have assisted me more than I can tell you in reaching a decision to become a diocesan priest. In a short time I expect to be enrolled in the seminary here in our diocese. So three more cheers for Maryknoll!"*

**In Many a Convent** over the land there are countless Sisters who are Maryknollers in spirit. A young lady stepping out of the world into the cloister of Carmel writes:

*"Enclosed is \$5 which I should like very much to have applied toward the support of a missionary priest. Tomorrow I am entering the Carmelite convent. This is the last money which will belong to me, and I want it to help a missionary. If you will be so kind as to send me the name of that missionary, I will remember him every day."*

**From an English Refugee** A sixteen-year-old English boy who is in the United States "for the duration," and who knows something of suffering, shows his fine sense of sympathy for the sufferings of others in the following. Recently he started to support a Maryknoll missionary for two days a month out of the little money that he possesses.

*"Thank you for the reminder for this month's \$2. I will try to get some of my friends to contribute also. It is a privilege to help a cause like that of Mary-*

*knoll. I read recently that, because of a shortage of funds, it might be necessary for Maryknoll to close its schools in China. I hope this is not so. I take a particular interest in those missions. If it is true, please let me know. I might be able to raise more funds. I expect to get a job this summer."*

**Have Received More Benefit** A student at Princeton, who has been backing one of our missionaries for three days a month, sent us this very pleasant news recently:

*"I am sure that I myself have received more benefit from my small contributions than you and your work have. I therefore wish to increase my monthly contribution from \$3 to \$10, with a hope that perhaps I can effect an even further increase in the future. Thank you for offering me the opportunity to aid your cause, which I sincerely believe to be a most admirable and successful one. If the world ever needed enlightenment and aid, it is certainly at this present crossroads. You, I should imagine, would have difficulty in appreciating the position of one like me, who has not the fortitude to do the work you missionaries are doing, yet who receives great satisfaction in thinking that he is in the place of the 'man behind the man behind the gun.'"*

**I Simply Must** One of our supporters in Boston, who has been backing a Maryknoller for five days a month, gave us this very brief but most pleasant surprise recently:

*"Shall make my check the full \$30 this month. When I think of what you Maryknoll Fathers are doing, I simply must send it!"*

**So Good to Hear** Letters from our Maryknoll supporters over the country are always interesting. A friend in Buffalo seems to sense, without our telling her, the particular problems that a work like ours faces in these troublesome days:

*"It is always so good to hear of the wonderful things that you are able to do to help the suffering people of China. Especially at this time when there are so many fearful things happening, it is a relief to find a few who are still trying to better this world in spite of this continual killing and fighting."*

## MARYKNOLL MEMBERSHIP

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER for one year. Service men, 50¢ a year; 2 years, \$1.

A PERPETUAL MEMBER makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Member.

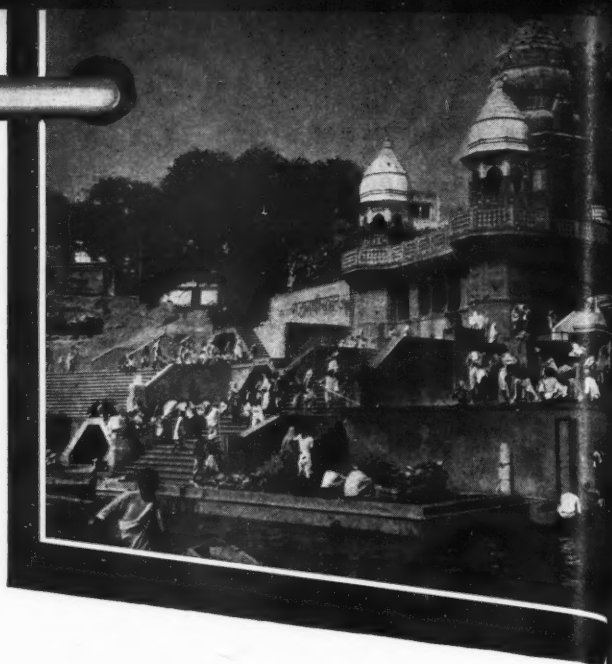
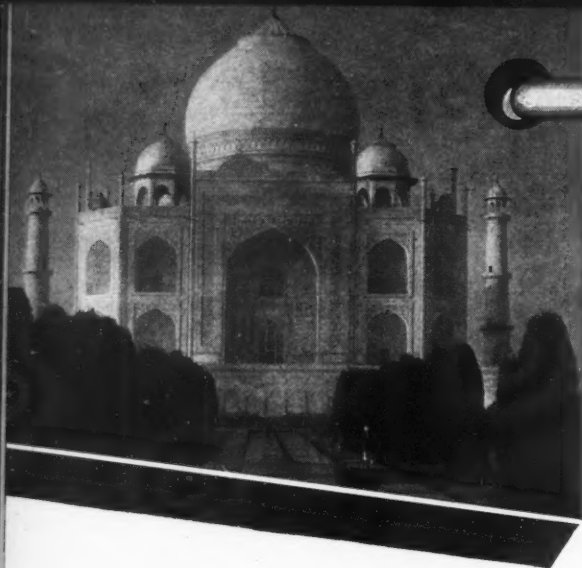
## THE HOLY FATHER'S MISSION INTENTION

July: Native Clergy in Oceania

August: Native Clergy of the Oriental

Rites in the Near East





# India . . . A PUZZLE

**Who holds the key to this puzzle? Is it the British, Gandhi, the Moslem leaders? None of these, says this article.**

LET THE MAN who glibly refers to India as a single nation contrast the Khyber Pass, its country and its people, with Cape Comorin, far down on the tip of the peninsula. The air about the Pass is not of the plain; it is of the wild mountains; it smacks of the hard lands of iron-sinewed Central Asia. How remote in spirit it is from the lush paradise of Cape Comorin! And a Pathan tribesman of the Pass is less like a Parava fisherman of the Cape than a Scandinavian is like a Greek. In religion, too, they are poles apart, antagonistic in fact: the Pathans are Moslems, and the Paravas are in great part Hindus.

The Northwest Territory, home of the Khyber Pass; Kashmir to the east; arid Sind along the coast, with its beautiful port of Karachi—all are adjuncts to the prime Moslem area in India, the Punjab. In this area live most of India's seventy million Moslems, great numbers of whom believe that some day they will form an independent country to be known as "Pakistan."

Delhi would be the capital of Pakistan; Delhi, the former home of the Grand Moguls. It has been said that few dynasties of the world have been more brilliant than that of the Grand Moguls. As conquerors, as builders, as administrators, they conceived like titans and executed with the care of Swiss watchmakers. The builder of the Taj Mahal, Shah Jehan, was one of the Grand Moguls. A single screen about the tombs of the Shah and his wife, the beloved Mahal, took the marble workers ten years to

carve, and its exquisite tracery is as delicate as living petals. For centuries there were power, pageantry, and true greatness in this empire of the north whose leaders, originally from western Asia, looked ever with disdain and hostility on the non-Moslem hordes to the south.

And to the south there is a fierce traditional disdain for the Moslems of the north. In central India is the storied land of the Rajput princes. The Rajputs and the Mahrattas of western India are the two great Hindu peoples, who have fought the Moslems most bitterly through the centuries. Rajput annals breathe feudal romance and knightly chivalry on every page. There is, for instance, the imperishable glory of the city of Chitor, which three times was besieged and three times overwhelmed, but whose people each time made holocausts of themselves by tens of thousands. In a single day, as the Moslem was about to triumph, thirteen thousand women threw themselves intrepidly into consuming fires built within the city, and nineteen thousand men marched out to invite death, lest any citizen fall alive to the enemy. Rajput cities to this day retain their charm—Udaipur, whose beauty baffles brush and pen; Jodhpur, agleam with loveliness; Jaipur, audacious in its sugar-pink houses set amid the blue hills.

Most sacred to the Hindu is the Ganges River, with the holy cities of Allahabad and Benares, but sacred likewise is the temple country of Madura south of Madras;

## By REV. JOHN J. CONSIDINE

while the west coast from Goa to Cape Comorin, soft and palm-laden, has also many Hindu pilgrim places.

Not that all of the south and east is Hindu, and all of the north Moslem. Hyderabad, in the south-center of the peninsula, is a Moslem state of twelve millions, though in point of fact the majority of its people are Hindu. There are millions of other Moslems in the south, and millions of Hindus in the north. However, in India as a whole, Hindus far outnumber Moslems, with 220 million as against 75 million. Most Moslems are ferociously opposed to any scheme of government based on numbers, since thus there would be 220 Hindu votes to every 75 Moslem.

And there are others besides Hindus and Moslems in India. Amritsar, for instance, in the heart of the Moslem Punjab, is the Golden City of the Sikhs. These are a small but decidedly articulate people of four millions, well known because they have supplied the policemen and many of the soldiers for British colonies. They are violently opposed to the Moslem talk of "Pakistan"; they vow that their beloved homeland will never be absorbed in a Moslem commonwealth. There are the Christians, the Jains, and a few smaller religious groups. There are, finally, some ten million animist aborigines, who are as different from the other races of the peninsula as are the American redskins from the whites.

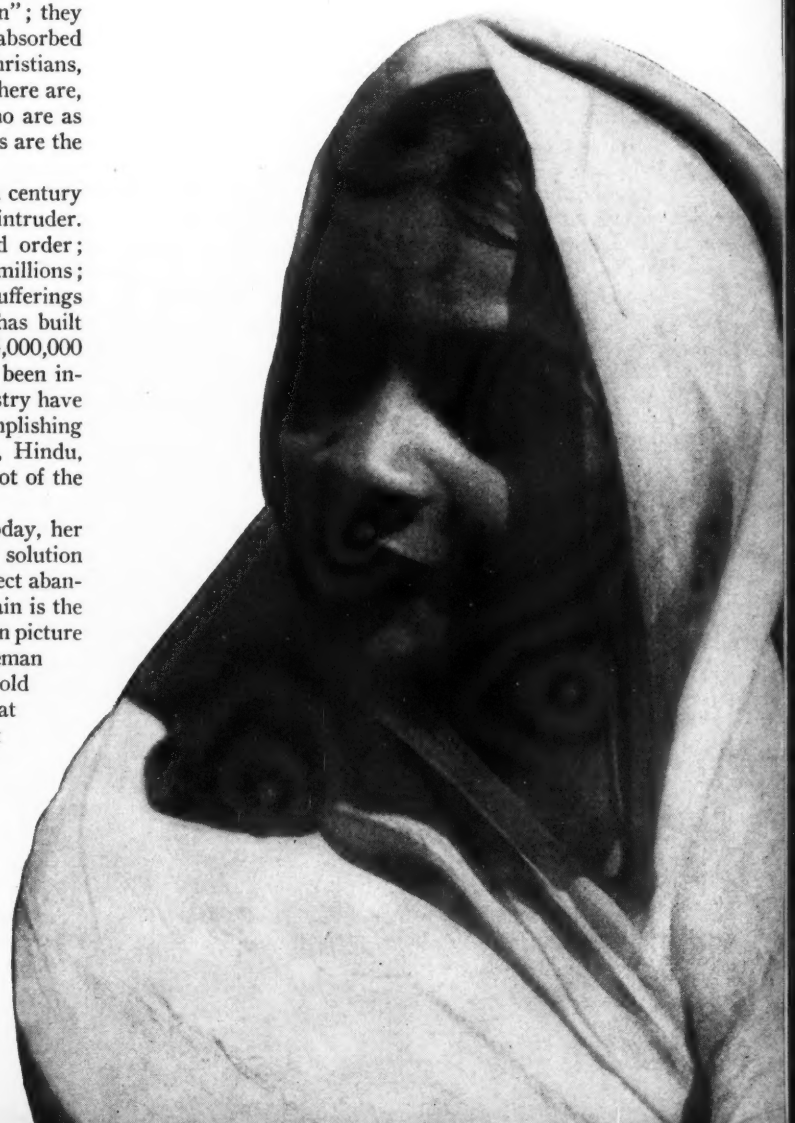
Into this Indian world, Great Britain came a century and a half ago and is regarded by all as an intruder. England found political chaos, and established order; found famine, and, by herculean effort, fed millions; found chronic want, and sought to relieve the sufferings of the poor. Within a hundred years Britain has built 30,000 miles of canals and thus has irrigated 45,000,000 acres of farm land. An educational system has been installed, commerce and a certain amount of industry have been developed. Great labor has gone into accomplishing good. But all this leaves the Indian—Moslem, Hindu, Sikh and the rest—cold. It is the disconsolate lot of the conqueror.

But were Britain to withdraw from India today, her departure would have no great bearing on the solution of the puzzle of India. In going she would in effect abandon the country to the beasts of chaos, for Britain is the policeman of India. And she enters into the Indian picture not much more profoundly than does the policeman into the life of his community. India's is an age-old struggle between Asiatic ideologies, a struggle that is far deeper than politics. Britain and the West always have been, are today, and forever will remain, extraneous to the substance of India's life. Only a philosophy that is universal, that

transcends individual civilizations, can hope to wield lasting influence among the hosts of India. Only Christianity holds the key to the puzzle of India.

And what of Christ in this strange world, what of the Church? Catholics in India represent a group as numerous as the Sikhs—four millions. They are found everywhere but particularly in the south. Long before modern conquerors, far back in the early centuries of the Church, missionaries came down the Persian Gulf, and over a million Indians today, known as the Saint Thomas Christians, trace their faith to those pioneers. Other converts were made by the Portuguese; while zealous, systematic progress goes forward in our times, with an annual harvest of forty thousand souls.

Will the turmoil of India affect this effort to bring its people Christ's message? No, not in any permanent way. So long as Christianity in India (*Continued on page 32*)



**Christianity is sinking its roots in India, and will continue to do so. The Church is not experimenting; it is following traditions fixed by timeless ideals.**

# Discovery

**What Old Chang lost—and found—is beautifully told in this story by Francis B. Hughes.**

THE FOREIGNER glanced about the field of a few acres. A short distance away he saw the object of his search, Old Man Chang. As he watched the decrepit peasant trying to break the ground with an ancient hoe that matched the feeble strokes, he felt keenly the pain of the sad news he had come to tell. He hesitated for a moment; then, taking himself in hand, he stepped forward and said:

"Honorable Chang, may I speak with you? I have something of importance to tell you."

The old peasant, startled by this request from a stranger, soon recovered himself and replied politely: "I am honored. Please come into my humble home."

The man from distant lands accepted the invitation and followed the graybeard into his home, indeed a humble one—more of a shack than a house and, like its owner, gray with age. The host offered his guest some tea, which the latter did not refuse, although he knew it would be very weak and unpalatable to his Western tongue. It suited his purpose to dally awhile: he was reluctant to reveal the object of his errand. Moreover, there was the little matter of Oriental etiquette which would not allow him to be hasty.

At last the tea was taken and the small talk finished; the weather, and the health of both, happily settled. The visitor steeled himself to his task:

"Aged one, I am deeply regretful for what I must tell you. First of all, is it not true that you have a son in the army?"

Instantly sensing what he was to be told, the old peasant answered with a question of his own:

"Has something happened to my son, my only son, my only child?"

"I am afraid so, venerable father," slowly replied the other. "I have it on good word that he was wounded in battle, near Shanghai."

He paused, and waited to see how the old man would take it.

For an instant a glimmer of hope lighted in Chang's eyes. They seemed to say, "Wounded—but possibly still alive." Then he glanced at the visitor, whose solicitous manner only too clearly betrayed what was in his mind. And the light promptly died out of Chang's eyes.

"Your son," resumed the visitor, gathering resolution, "died in an emergency hospital, well cared for at the last. He requested that word of his death be sent you."

Another pause followed. The visitor was about to continue, but the bereaved parent put out an arm with a restraining gesture.

"I understand," the foreigner said in a whisper. Then he added, "I have a little more to say, but it can wait."

The stunned father rose from his wooden bench. His eyes were watery, and his lips quivered almost imperceptibly; otherwise his features were frozen into tragic immobility. Staring straight ahead, he painfully made his way toward the door and stepped out. He paced back and forth in the open for a minute or so, then went down a small incline, sat down—or rather, collapsed—and buried his head in his arms.

His thoughts were confused—in a turmoil. Past memories and future hopes flashed simultaneously across his mind. Slowly, very slowly, separate ideas began to form. He saw his son as he had last seen him—in uniform; a makeshift, of course, but none the less a uniform. How brave the boy had looked! With a grim face he had bade farewell, promising to be back before the year was over.

That was over two years ago. Now had come the news that he was dead. Never again would these old eyes of his look upon his soldier son. What had been the good of burning those joss sticks to the gods? Every morning and night he had burned them, all to no avail. Much better would it have been to use those few cents to buy more tea leaves and drink a stronger brew! The gods were without power, without pity. His son was killed, never to return.

How alone, how terribly alone, he felt! There would be no one now to care for him in his declining years. He was the only one left of his clan. Except for his son, flood and famine had killed, or sent migrating elsewhere, all who had been bound to him by ties of blood. Now war had come and taken that son.

With great longing had he looked forward to the return of his son, who would have married and conferred upon his father the honor of an esteemed patriarch. In comparative ease he would have spent the remaining years of his life; and, what was far more, he would have had contentment. Now he had nothing to look forward to but a lonely old age. Unwept, he would go down to his grave; worse still, he would leave no family line behind him. No one who had not been born and raised as he himself had been could understand that sorrow. The sympathetic for-



eigner who had brought him the sad news could never comprehend the agony he was experiencing. The foreigner—that reminded him: the foreigner had mentioned having something further to say. Probably only a few more details. Well, he might as well go back and see him. Chang returned to the house and looked for his visitor. He found him sitting near a window, reading a little black book. Advancing slowly, the old peasant said in an anguished voice, "You have something else to say, I believe?"

His guest looked up, with apparent sympathy delineated in his face. "Yes—" he began. He hesitated for a few moments, as if searching for the right words; then resumed without further faltering.

"What I have to add will not be clear to you now, but will, I hope, be very clear in time. As I told you, your son was not killed instantly. He was wounded and taken to an emergency hospital, where he lingered for over a month. During that time he became acquainted with the Catholic religion, the religion for which I left my home and country. In time your son asked to become a Catholic too. And I can truthfully add that it was his Catholic Faith that enabled him to face death with resignation, even with happiness.

"All this I learned from one who, like myself, is a priest and who is in charge of that hospital. He asked me to help you in any way possible. Now it so happens that, not very far distant, other priests and myself have a home for the aged. There is room for one more. You

have reached an honorable age, and it is wise to admit that you can no longer take care of your field, small as it is. Should you not like to come to our home? You will not have a lonely life: there will be others like yourself, with whom you can smoke and talk. You will be treated kindly. Do not try to make up your mind at once. I must travel further inland, but I shall be back in a week. You can let me know."

The old peasant was stunned by this surprising offer, but in a week's time he had made up his mind and went with his newly found friend.

At the home, old Chang lived a life among his own — old natives whom life and events had not treated too generously and had left bereft of kin. Here, as the days passed into weeks and months, he learned more and more about the Faith in which his son had died. That he appreciated the gift of faith was clear to all who knew him in those days, when he was experiencing a growing inner mood tantamount to rebirth. In the end, faith came to him and he gained, not the contentment he had once hoped for, but a contentment he had never imagined. His sorrow did not pass away; but, as he gazed upon the crucifix, there slowly dawned on him the meaning behind his sorrow. The mist and tears of loneliness, the blind groping of a forsaken heart, and all the vagrant sorrows of a speechless disappointment became, for him, as things remembered out of a past in some other world. He discovered he was no longer alone. The Host in the tabernacle was his Friend as well as his God.

**A humble abode—more of a shack than a house and, like its owner, gray with age**





Two groups of young men visited Maryknoll

## THAT *Other* ARMY

**Throughout the history of mankind, symbols have exerted an impelling influence upon the lives of men. The Cross and the flag are embodiments of our ideals and teach us not only how to live, but also how to die. — General Douglas MacArthur.**

IT WOULD delight you, could you read the mail which comes to us from our soldiers, sailors, and marines. Many young men who made preliminary application to Maryknoll have enlisted or have been called in the draft. A few dozen others have written from camps and ships, applying for admission to Maryknoll after the war.

"After this war," writes a Naval Air Corps cadet, who learned of Maryknoll from the article in *Time* magazine, "I plan to be a missionary priest. I know of no better way to promote peace for the United States, and all the world, than through missionaries. I presume, however, that the saving of souls comes ahead of the desire for peace in the Church Militant. I don't suppose anyone knows when this war will end, but I'm studying now, in case Maryknoll wants to send me to Bolivia when I am ordained."

A soldier, who has petitioned his commander for a transfer to a post in China, writes: "If I get the transfer, it will give me a chance to study Chinese, and that will help me to be a more efficient missionary later. Thanks for THE FIELD AFAR. I love to read it—so do my pals in camp."

A few years ago a young boy in high school wanted to be a missionary, but he was an orphan. When he was graduated from high school, he sought work to help support his younger brothers and sisters. Failing to find a job, he joined the marines with two worthy objectives: first, to earn money for his family, and second, to learn something useful for his missionary career. His brothers and sisters now have jobs of their own, and he has become a pharmacist mate, ready to run a dispensary in China. His enlistment time was completed a year ago, but when war clouds threatened he re-enlisted. He writes often from different points of the compass, and all his letters are refreshing.

In a recent letter he had this to say: "I wonder often, shall I ever get to Maryknoll? Boy! It surely will be a happy and a joyous day for me when I do. Then I shall really begin to live. Remember me in your prayers. Pray that I may never lose my vocation and that the war will only strengthen it the more. We in the Fleet Marine force are always on the move; we're in the fight now. I'm not afraid to die, but I want to live to do something for God, after I help finish this fight for my country."

This came from an Army air base: "You sent me



this spring. Many expressed their desire to become foreign missionaries.

application blanks, but came the war, and I volunteered. A few weeks ago I finally succeeded in helping back to the Church a soldier who had fallen away . . . I was happy to find Maryknoll books in camp U.S.O. . . . I am now working in the armament department; it seems rather ironical for a fellow who wants to become a priest to be repairing instruments of death. But God is all-wise."

The U. S. servicemen in the present conflict seem to be very much devoted to their religious duties. Stories are told of Army boys and sailors who have gone to confession in an unbroken stream from eight o'clock in the morning until one o'clock next morning; of tens of thousands of servicemen attending Mass and receiving Communion every Sunday.

Two groups of young men visited Maryknoll this spring. The first group, of 95 college men, expressed their desire to become foreign missionaries; the second group, of 135 high-school boys, plan to join Maryknoll when they are ready for college. The young men of today, in both civil and military life, are the hope of the Church and of the country.

They know that 800,000 Chinese asked to be permitted to enter the Church last year, but that only 110,000 were instructed and baptized, because there were an insufficient number of priests to instruct the other 700,000. (Imagine the man hours necessary to teach 800,000 persons the Catholic religion!) They know that there is only one priest for every 10,000 Catholics in the Philippines. (The Japanese knew it too. That's why they brought their native priests on their troop ships, presented them to the Filipinos, and arranged outdoor Masses in Vigan and Fingayen.) They know that there are thousands of parishes in South America without resident priests. They

know that thousands of priests have been killed in Europe. That is why our American young men of today are interested in the whole world, and why many plan to become foreign missionaries.

#### **SERVANT OF HUMANITY** (Continued from page 5)

there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

There is the same vast and all-inclusive range in the first message of our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XII: "In this moment when the heavy responsibility of the Supreme Pontificate stirs us profoundly, We implore divine consolation for Our children wherever in the world they dwell, especially for the poor and for those afflicted with pain and sorrow . . . We desire that peace which joins nations and peoples through mutual brotherly love, so that each strives for the greater happiness of the whole human family."

The Papacy, like the sea, the desert, the mountains, is a spectacle close to us—yet reaching to far horizons. But the Pope himself is not distant or remote with grandeur. He is the affectionate brother of all men. "We hunger for peace for all men; for those who are near to Us and those who are far away; those who are faithful to Us and those who are separated from Us; those who are at peace and those who are at war; for it is to all men that We owe the service of the truth and of the charity of Christ." (Pius XII).

The Holy Father loves the great and the small, the sinners and the saints, those who revile him and those who obey; the Mohammedans, the Buddhists, the Christians who are not Catholics. He is the Holy Father of the world—the servant of humanity.





# You MAKE IT POSSIBLE

**WE HAVE HAD** many messages of sympathy from our readers because some Maryknollers from Japan, Korea, and Manchuria are being repatriated. Under God, this is but a phase of mission life and, while our work for souls in one spot is brought to a standstill, new opportunities, new calls for missionaries, arise and the great army of priests, Brothers, and Sisters, moves on to new fields. The Lord of Heaven adjusts matters just when things begin to look bad, and He inspires friends of the missions to continue to augment their benefactions for our work. Here are some of the difficulties you are helping us to meet:

**HUNAN** When the Italian Franciscans in this mission were requested, because of their nationality, to discontinue active mission work in the villages and to restrict their activities to the cities for the duration of the war, Maryknoll's Monsignor Romaniello sent four of his priests north into Hunan. There they will help 13 native priests take care of the spiritual needs of 50,000 Chinese Catholics, and will spend their "free time" working among the remaining millions.

**KWANGSI** Bishop Albouy of Nanning requested Maryknoll to assume responsibility for 500,000 souls in three civil prefectures in Kwangsi Province — to the west of the Maryknoll missions. It is impossible to obtain missionaries from France, so Bishop Donaghy, of

Wuchow, has this additional task. Fortunately, the Hong Kong Irish Jesuits volunteered to help him.

**HAWAIIAN ISLANDS** The attack on Pearl Harbor had a spiritual reaction beyond all expectations, writes Father John Coulehan, pastor of Sacred Heart Church in Honolulu:

"Of course the people of Honolulu have been frightened, but they are all very orderly. The unexpected result of the disaster made itself known on the following Sunday. Beginning with the first Mass at 6:20, we found the church jammed to the doors, with people standing outside on the porch. All the Masses that day reported the same record-breaking attendance. There were people whom we hadn't seen inside the church in a long time. The beautiful thing is that evidently it wasn't just a scare — they came, they saw, they're still coming back!

"There is still plenty of work to do in the Islands. Like the Macedonians, we call out: 'Come over and help us!'"

The great happiness of Maryknollers is that you, our readers, make it possible for our missionaries to preach the Gospel increasingly throughout the world. You have shared in the sacrifices of the missionaries by your alms. Maryknoll prays that you may continue to share in the missionaries' reward as you continue to hold up their arms and their hearts while they go forward with the message of faith and hope and love.

# WHAT ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT?

THE LEADERS OF NATIONS are talking about a way of life along which the world of tomorrow will move.

We are fighting for this way of life. We are told it will bring us security and freedom. We should know what it is—this way of life. If it is something new, it must be a discovery. If this way of life is democratic, how will it apply to states which are not legislated by elected representatives? If it is to be imposed on the vanquished, how is it free? If it is to be taught to the conquered, who will teach it? If it needs to be applied, who will apply it? The statesmen of our past wars?

We are confused. We are confused because, above all things save God, we are interested in humanity. Humanity is the missionary's congregation—it's his parish. When anyone talks of the whole, wide world and prescribes for its maladies, we have a right to wonder what the prescription means. The patient is our brother—not some robot in a classless society or a servant of the state. He is, we repeat, our brother. Is the prescription for him? Our parishioner has heart trouble as well as a headache.

A way of life must lead to some goal; it must be laid out to reach some destination. The road to Tipperary may be a good road, but it is no good for me if I am going to Arizona. The proper way of life for the world depends on where the world is going.

We are confused when men speak of freedom as a goal of human progress. What are they talking about? Why! We were born free; we were baptized in freedom; freedom is the condition of our living! Governments can no more give us freedom than they can give us life. It is vain nonsense to offer to humanity, as a reward, what is its birthright. To fight for freedom is to fight for the restoration of our natural condition. God did not make us slaves; He made us free—all of us.

Freedom, no matter how multiplied, is not a way of life; it is not a method of action. A man who is not free is not human. Freedom is not the law of his action; it is the law of his existence.

To set men free from tyranny is one thing, but to show men how to live singly or together is a totally different matter. To show men how to act and move along a way that leads to happiness, we must show the law of action.

Many men have tried to show this law. Luther tried: he said (in so far as he said anything clearly) that each

individual must act according to his own beliefs personally arrived at (that is one reason why the Protestant sects are so numerous). Marx and Lenin spoiled a good idea of distribution with a diseased idea of Hebraic apostasy. The Nazis found a way of life in man's blood stream; in biological predestination.

The truth of the matter was told to us long ago, proved to us long ago, taught through all the upheavals of the past 1900 years. It was repeated so often that it has become an unnoticed commonplace.

The law of action is a divine command. The way of life is a single track. There is not any other. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole strength, and with thy whole mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." (1) "If I deliver my body to be burned, yet do not have charity, it profits me nothing." (2)

Charity is the activity of perfect manners. Charity establishes the equilibrium of the social world. It provides the balance of the individual soul. Charity harmonizes the various authorities governing human society. Charity demands justice and mercy. It accepts poverty, but never pauperism. It accepts wealth, but never excess. It permits punishment, but never cruelty. It supports law, but it understands pardon. It employs scientific and technical methods, but it is not ruled by them.

Yet, we do not hear any proposal for a League of Nations based on charity; for unionism, industrialism, and politics based on charity. We have yet to hear anyone propose that the only possible basis of peace terms to conclude the present conflict is charity. People would scoff at the very idea; they would call it silly; they would speak of Don Quixote. They will continue to prefer to write libraries of laws and to appropriate wealth which only future generations can earn, and raise armies when persuasion falls. They will continue to believe that missionaries are only agents of some church rather than soldiers who prevent wars.

Yet, the simple truth is that charity is the way of life—and there is no other. True democracy is only one fruit of charity; equality is charity's respect; freedom is preserved by charity. Charity is the only practical law—the *only* practical law—that will enable men to live together in peace. Charity is the law of international life.

(1) Luke 10:27. (2) I Cor. 13:3.



# OLD FORMS ... NEW SETTINGS

## HOW OLD THE NEW

**TO THE** last generation of study clubs in America, Doctor James J. Walsh used to exclaim: "How old the new!" His purpose was mainly to show the young twentieth century that fundamental inventions are things of the past and that we live in the age of adaption, that much of our modern technique is simply the logical outcome of ancient inventions, and that very complicated mechanical processes may be reduced to a few basic functions: in fine, that we are not the inventive geniuses we like to imagine ourselves to be.

Many an Occidental has so muddled a mental picture that China means to him either a baffling Confucius or a still more mysterious Fu Manchu. The Chinese are not galley slaves chained to a pulley; they are inventive, even though their inventions are not streamlined. To them, inventions are not contraptions to be sold, but practical household requisites. They make worn-out materials perform tasks hitherto unthought-of. What Westerner, as he pulls out of a skid, would ever consider consigning his threadless tire to a cobbler to be remade into innumerable rubber soles and heels—the inevitable fate of tires in China? What Westerner would take the despised tin cans and deftly fashion them into serviceable lamps or kitchenware? What foreigner would make a taxi of a bicycle, and pedal passengers a dozen leagues a day? Or use charcoal to run his automobile at one-fifth the price of gas?

Inventions? Of course they are! The inventions of local craftsmen who use their own hands and brains for their own needs. A thing doesn't have to be copyrighted and patented with its individuality stamped out of it, to be called an invention. An invention is a new use for an old thing, and the simplest farmer in China is inventing half his lifetime.—*Most Rev. Francis X. Ford.*

## INDIA—A PUZZLE (Continued from page 25)

is as Indian as it is French in France, Irish in Ireland, American in America, and so long as it possesses, as does healthy Christianity everywhere on earth, that temper which makes it universal and binds all men in a world brotherhood of love under God, there is no danger. If the English decide to go, there will be superficial repercussions, but Christ will continue slowly to enter the hearts of the Indian.

Of a thoughtful old veteran in Bombay, Father Hull, the celebrated English Jesuit, a visitor inquired, "Is Christianity sinking its roots into India?"

"Yes," he replied without hesitation, "and it will continue to do so. If India becomes independent, it will still continue to do so. The Church is doing no experimenting here: we do not merely *think* we are on the right track; we are following a tradition fixed by timeless, universal ideals."

We have only scratched the surface in penetrating the huge Indian mass, but already tremendous good has been accomplished. Testimony of this is great. The Maharajah of Benares on several occasions saw Sisters of the local mission journeying by bicycle to visit the poor in his neighborhood, and finally asked to see them.

"I wish you to know," he explained, "how much I appreciate your devotion. We Hindus would not go down to these wretches; yet you young women come here across the ocean and expend all that you possess in years, in energy, and in affection, ministering to them."





## MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

### "WAR BUNS, ARE THEY FOR EAT?"

inquired one puzzled youngster. Maryknoll answers, "Yes" Your war bonds can make eating possible for hundreds of Chinese refugees. Maryknoll will be glad to serve as your agent. On War Bonds our corporate title: Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society Inc.

**100 CONVERTS FOR \$100.** A missionary in Kaying says he can make 100 converts if he sends a catechist to a mountain village. Why doesn't he do it? He hasn't the \$100. Can you help him?

**TWENTY NEW PRIESTS ARE LEAVING** for Bolivia. You cannot go yourself, so why not send a missionary? \$500 for passage is a lot of money, but your missionary makes a sacrifice too. Perhaps you can pay for part of his ticket.

**THE RIGHT ARM** of a missionary is his catechist. Each month \$15 must be found for a catechist's salary. Fushun has 102 salaries to pay.

**BOMBED OUT OF THEIR MISSION,** Maryknollers in Kweilin moved into a houseboat and continued their work. They look to us for means to help 5,000 destitute Chinese. \$5 a month will support a blind, a crippled, or a sick refugee.

**NATIVE PRIESTS** are the hope of the Church. There are more than 3,800 students in the major seminaries of China. It costs \$150 a year to educate each native priest.

**OH, YE GOOD HOUSEWIVES!** A kitchen stove is needed in a Maryknoll Junior Seminary. With \$200 we can order it.

**MANY MARYKNOLL CHAPELS** have needs that would make fitting memorials for your loved ones:

|   |                               |
|---|-------------------------------|
| \$125 tabernacle  | \$5 prieu dieus<br>(5 needed) |
| \$100 altar   | \$40 stations                 |
| \$15 vestments  | \$20 pews                     |
| (10 sets needed)  | (11 of them)                  |
| \$15 sanctuary lamp                                     | \$10 altar rug                |
| \$25 will keep a sanctuary lamp burning one year.       |                               |
| \$30 will take care of hosts and altar wine for a year. |                               |

**WAR ORPHANS NEED HOMES.** Father Kennelly received and found homes for 3,830 orphans during 1941; of these 236 are in the Loting orphanage. \$3 guarantees a month's care for each homeless tot.



**HOW MUCH DO MEALS COST YOU?** And how many do you have to cook for? "We fed 1,987 refugees today," writes Father Smith from Kongmoon. "That's the average number waiting in the rice lines at our gates daily." \$5 feeds a war refugee for a month.

**GRATITUDE IS GREAT** in the Home for the Aged in China. Life has been hard on these people and the ones to whom you give a home remember their benefactors with grateful hearts and prayers. \$100 would be a big help in this work.

**HE ALREADY HAD 300 LEPERS,** but the Hong Kong Government asked him to accept 198 more. With rice and medical supplies almost exhausted, Father Sweeney cabled from China, "Please rush help!" \$5 a month will feed each of his 498 lepers; \$2,490 for all.

**REMEMBER YOUR OPERATION?** And the care you received? Last year Maryknollers treated 395,601 cases in their dispensaries. \$500 provides medicine for one Maryknoll dispensary for one year.

**CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?** Every month since the bombing of Pearl Harbor, American benefactors have made it possible for us to send the necessary \$26,000 to keep our missions in unoccupied China running. We forward donations by wireless. Such an unparalleled opportunity for service may never come our way again. Checks should be made out to The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, P. O., N. Y.



# *Don't Shoot!*

**We'll go quietly, and pray that babies like us—all over the world—may be saved. Mother tells us that missionaries go far from home to bring eternal life even to babies. You can help all God's children by sending out more missionaries. See page 23.**

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